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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued*

"I dare say you are afraid of Shan Driscoll seeing me here—but surely to-night he has something else to think of. But I see you are anxious to get rid of me—one word only before I go—who is this strange child?" pointing to Nanno Kenny; "when I was wandering about here to-night waiting for a chance of seeing you, she came creeping, creeping along all alone by the river edge croning a doleful song—having seen her with you yesterday near the Chapel I knew she was a favorite, and that you would follow her at her bidding—so I sent her to you. Who and what is she?"

"Well, indeed, myself hardly knows who she is—she passes for Aileen's grandchild, but I have heard people say she isn't a drop's blood to her. Sometimes I think she isn't a livin' creature at all, the way she talks and the way she looks—but somehow she makes us all love her—and me most of all. I can sit for hours, Mr. Fitzstephen! alone with that child, and we often go in the moonlight nights and sit by the river side lookin' down on the runnin' water and listenin' to the music it makes, and lookin' up into the blue sky where the stars look down at us. And then Nanno and me talk about everything, and I like to hear her talk, for she knows a power. But it's only to me she talks—now you'd hardly get a word out of her.

Maureen, wrapt up in her subject, had forgotten her haste, and stood once more facing Fitzstephen, unconscious of the wonder with which he had been following the rapid changes which passed over her mobile features as she thus spoke in a way he had never heard her speak before.

"Maureen!" said he when she came to a stop, "would you not like to *know* something about those bright stars, and this world we live on which is one of them?"

"Ah! then now, Mr. Fitzstephen! do you think I'm so simple as all that comes to? This world one of the stars!!—do you hear that, Nanno?—why you and me knows better than that ourselves!—the gentleman is making his fun of me!"

"No, indeed, I should be very, very sorry to make fun of you—only manage this business for me, and I may some day teach you many things that you little dream of. Good-bye now, Maureen!—I must leave you for I and Yeman goin' out to look for us." Then shake hands with me. Well! no matter!—I do not blame you. But mind, when I return, I shall expect good news from you. The herring season will soon be coming now. Good-bye, little one! speak sometimes of me to Maureen, will you not?"

He turned and walked quickly away without waiting for an answer from either, humming to himself as he retraced his homeward way:

"Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers.
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day.
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

"There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night!"

"Ah! sly little Bard of Erin! master of that strange lyre which we bear within us," went on Fitzstephen when he had got through the words of the song, "how is it that you can thus express this mysterious emotion which fills my soul?—what noble, unsophisticated creature of light and beauty—of poetry and love, was *your* inspiration when you wrote those charming lines, you whose associations were chiefly with the high-born, the learned, and the cultivated?"

When Fitzstephen reached his own door he found all dark and silent, with the single exception of Margaret's room, where a light was dimly burning, very dimly, as if the snuff had grown long and shadowy from neglect. "Poor Margaret!" soliloquized the anxious brother, as he let himself in by means of his latch-key, and softly mounted the stairs leading to his own apartment, "poor Margaret! those who see you by the light of day little imagine how your night-hours pass!—people look upon your smiling face, and enjoy the brightness of your presence, wondering in their hearts that the sorrows of a bereaved wife and childless mother have left no deeper traces on your youthful brow!—they little know the dark under-current that flows beneath that sparkling surface. I would give a trifle to know what connection there is between her and Arranmore—true it it was there she lost her child, but that is years ago, and in the course of nature the wound ought to be healed by this time. There *was* more than grief, too, in her violent emotion when I mentioned the name to try her. I wish that old hag had either kept all to herself, or told more!"

Maureen was unusually silent on her way back, to the evident dissatisfaction of little Nanno, who was well disposed for a bit of chat. "Don't you like to hear him talk, Maureen?" she suddenly asked.

"Who, *acushla?*"

"Why, the dark gentleman—he doesn't talk like any one else—sure he doesn't, Maureen? Even Father Dominick hasn't such a tongue." Maureen laughed at the child's simple earnestness. "I'm sure he knows a power," went on Nanno, in an abstracted, musing tone; "I wish we asked him where all the people come from that I be dreamin' about every night—it's so queer that I can never see them in the daytime, though I go and sit all alone for a long, long time, trying hard to make them come. Won't you ask Mr. Fitzstephen who they are, and where they come from, Maureen astore—I know he'd tell *you* anything!"

"Now, don't be talking that way, alanna machree—don't, now, or Maureen won't love you. We mustn't make so free with Mr. Fitzstephen, for he's a gentleman, and besides he's not one of us. Not a word, now, there's Brian know not how long, and you will not even raising her voice she called to them: "Come this way, Brian! if it's us you want."

"Why, then, who else would we want?" said Brian joyfully, as he and Yeman approached with a rapid step; "what took you away from us at all? everything is goin' wrong without you. The sorra play we can play—ask Yeman now, if you don't b'lieve *me!*"

"'Deed I'll tell her no such thing," said Yeman quickly, "it's that and the likes of it that spoils her on us. I think it 'd be fitter for her stay with the rest of the girls than be goin' about alone this way discoorsin' ghosts and fairies and such things."

"Take care of what you say, *ma bouchal!*" answered Maureen pleasantly, "them things are not to be spoken lightly of, as you may find out when it's too late. Them Spaniards that do be walkin' about here in stormy nights——"

"Now, Maureen! what makes you be always talkin' of *them?*" cried her brother in visible trepidation; "I told you before not to do it."

"Hear him now, Brian!" said Maureen, with a merry laugh, "I leave it to you if he didn't begin it himself? Come in now, anyhow, and we'll put the ghosts a one side for this time!"

Maureen's return was hailed with general acclamation, and the shower of questions by which she was assailed would have been overpowering, had not her grandmother's volley of abuse for her prolonged absence created a diversion in her favor by exciting universal sympathy. Maureen took part in the play which was just commencing, and then placed herself beside Shan, who sat in gloomy silence by the bed of death, with his eyes fixed on the face that had been wont to cheer and comfort him.

"Now, Shan!" said Maureen, in a soft, low tone, that fell like balm on his bleeding heart, "now, Shan, where's the use in lettin' yourself down this way?—turn round and look at the plays, can't you?—you'll have time enough to grieve for them that's gone, and besides you're sure if she's not gone straight to heaven she isn't far off it!"

"Ah, but, Maureen, Maureen! still and all I've lost *my mother—she* loved me anyhow—I'm sure of that—and it's all the comfort I can have now to look at her and think of all her goodness to me, and all she done for me. Go away, Maureen, and don't lose the fun for me—my sorrow's all my own."

"It's no such thing, Shan Driscoll—we all have our share in it, for poor Judy was everybody's friend."

"God bless you, Maureen!" said Shan with a quivering voice, "God forever bless you, *achorra*, for the kind word—but sure you were a'most the last one in her mouth afore the breath left her. You didn't hear what she said, did you, Maureen?"

Maureen had not, for the truth was she had stealthily left the cottage on hearing her own name mentioned by the dying woman. Shan was just about to tell her, when Brien Kineely, obeying a sign from her, came forward, nothing loath, surely, and carried her off by force, it would seem, to take her part in some projected play.

"I'll be back again," whispered Maureen.

"Oh! there's no occasion in life," returned Shan coldly, "it's dull work watching the dead, and, as I told you before, I'm better alone!"

On the following and last night of the wake there was a joyful commotion, amongst the youngsters especially, early in the evening, when no less a person than old Noddy Kinshela, the beggarwoman from town, made her appearance. She had heard of poor Judy's death, she said, and thought it the least she could do to come out to the wake, if it was nothing only on account of the many a rousing cup of tea they had taken together in their time. Noddy, as a sort of ubiquitous inhabitant of Galway, had kept possession of its streets for many a long year, and in her capacity of queen of the begging community, had had frequent and constant intercourse with the Claddagh women who habitually "stood the market." Her residence befitted her mock-regal quality, being one of those old mansions whose foreign aspect and mouldering grandeur give so strange a character to certain localities of the City of the Tribes. It had been for centuries the abode of a thriving branch of the Lynch family, but for many, many years it had been given over to decay, and in the great, wide, old-fashioned kitchen had Noddy Kinshela pitched her tent soon after its desertion, when the last of the family died abroad. The old tottering walls, in many places roofless, afforded but little shelter from the winter's wind or the drifting snow; to others, too, the place was perilous in the extreme, but still it had many attractions for poor Noddy, for she had passed her girlhood and womanhood in the service of the family now extinct, and every stone in the old house was dearer to her than its weight in gold. Nor was she altogether as comfortless in her strange dwelling as one might at first suppose, for "some of the neighbor boys" had, from time to time, repaired the roof just over the kitchen—that is to say, the first floor of the house, and otherwise so improved it that, without at all lessening its air of venerable antiquity, they had kept it in a condition to shelter its lonely tenant. For the rest, Noddy was a person of no small importance in the community; from having lived so long in the Lynch family, she was necessarily acquainted with the secret history of that and many other houses, and this knowledge, whether real or supposed, gave her an indescribable but most potent influence amongst a people who are proverbially fond of tales and legends of old time. Strange rumors were afloat of high and distinguished personages visiting Noddy under cover of the night, enveloped in various disguises, and these rumors were rather encouraged than otherwise by the stately old beggarwoman, who took pleasure in thus maintaining her former connection with "the quality." Still she was secret as the grave on all points that affected the interest or the reputation of "the ould families," as she reverentially phrased it.

The reader will now understand why Noddy's appearance at the wake was hailed with such joyful acclamation, but of course it was the signal for raising "the cry,"* in which she herself heartily joined. The chorus of wailing and clapping hands was no sooner over than Maureen took possession of a seat at Noddy's side, swallowing with avidity every word that fell from her lips, and ingratiating herself into her good graces by every little attention she could think of, such as lighting her pipe, handing the funereal snuff, and all other such acceptable services. She had always, indeed, been somewhat of a favorite with Noddy, and this night gave her a secure footing in that enviable position. It was seldom that Noddy Kinshela condescended actually to praise any one, but on this occasion she assured Vara, who was her supporter on the right, that Maureen was "uncommon handsome, and might pass for a rale lady any day, as far as shapes, makes, and features went. To be sure," Noddy added, drawing up her tall, emaciated figure as she sat, "she hasn't the genteel manners that comes from bein' with the quality—how could she have it, poor thing!"

* The *caoine* or death-cry. Amongst the unmixed Celtic communities of Ireland in the remoter parts o the country, "the cry" is renewed at a wake as often as any friend or relative of the dead is seen to enter. Many of our older readers may themselves have helped to "raise the cry" on similar occasions. It is a custom which came to the Celts of Ireland from their earliest progenitors and goes to prove their eastern origin.

"We don't want her to have it," Vara answered tartly, "she's well to be seen, and she's as God made her. I'd trounce the life out of her, if I seen her puttin' on airs—I would!"

Noddy smiled in pity, and waved her hand majestically, as much as to say: "What better could we expect from you?" Her silence, however, disarmed Vara's anger, so that good humor was speedily restored.

In compliance with the general call for a story, Noddy, after drinking "a good strong cup of tea," looked round on her silent and attentive audience with an eye thoughtful and complacent, and then commenced her story.

CHAPTER IX.

"It's close on forty years now since poor Judy that's lyin' there under boord fornenst us brought me in a salmon for a great dinner we were goin' to have at the master's that evenin' —the heavens be his bed this night, and Judy Driscoll's too. Ochone! but its light and easy my heart was that day, an' as for Judy—she might easy be my daughter, poor thing! you wouldn't find a tighter lass or a merrier one about the Claddagh anyhow. Well! as I was saying, it was I that took the fish from her that day, for you see, when there was any hurry in the house, there was nothing but 'Noddy!' here, and 'Noddy!' there, and nothing went right, as the poor mistress thought, if Noddy wasn't hand and foot in it. So that day I was giving a hand to the cook before I'd go up to dress the ladies, in regard to the houseful of company we were goin' to have. It was purty late when all our preparations were made, but still in good time, and everything went as well as heart could wish. The ladies and gentlemen all looked beautiful, especially my own ould master and mistress, and Master Edward—the Lord be good and merciful to him this night, for, ochone! he's gone like all the rest, young, and strong, and handsome as he was then! But the beauty of all was Miss Ellie—ahem!—a young lady that was in it with her father, a fine ancient, ould gintleman belongin' to one of the Tribes. Most of the young gentlemen were after Miss Ellie, for not to speak of her purty face,—and that's what it was, sure enough!—she was an only child and her father didn't know the end of his own riches. Still and all, there was two that had more conceit in her than any of the rest. One of them was come of an ould Galway family, and proud he *was* of it, and the young lady's father thought mighty well of him, for he was worth a power of money, and had ships of his own sailing on the salt sea far and near, and had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister to claim a share of what he had. Maybe Miss Ellie liked him and maybe she didn't—some said yes and some said no—howsomever, the other young gentleman I spoke of was in the way—he was a foreigner, from Spain or some of them outlandish countries beyond sea, and had no friends or blood-relatives in the city barrin' Miss Ellie's father and herself. He was a cousin of the ould gentleman's, it seems, and was sent to Galway for his edication—I suppose there's none to be had where he came from—at any rate he was rich, people said, and I'm very sure he was handsome, too,—a darlin' fine fellow as you'd see from Cork to Kinsale, let alone in Galway city. He had a pair of eyes in his head that were shining and dancing like the waters out in the Bay of a bright summer day, and a head of silky black hair that you never seen the beat of. Well! to be sure, it was as natural as life, for the young foreigner to have a likin' for Miss Ellie that was so long in the one house with him, and as I said, *maybe* the young lady thought just as much of him as he did of her, but to make a long story short, the ould father of her—a wizened little *leprachaun* of a man—had set his heart on Mr. Fitz——. Lord bless me, what am I sayin' at all?—I mean on the other young gentleman for a son-in-law, because they were doing business together—himself and the young gentleman—and his father before him for many a long year. Here, Maureen, put a coal in the pipe fer me—that's a darlin'—where was I?—right, Maureen, right—I said the ould gentleman didn't want his one daughter to marry the stranger—maybe it's what he was afeard, poor man! of her leavin' him in the dark lonesome days of age—I don't know—God knows. It happened, anyhow, on this very evenin' I'm speakin of that the young foreigner sat alongside of Miss Ellie, at table, and had hardly a word for any one but herself, and maybe she didn't listen to him, the darlin', and smile on him, too! Well! the father was sittin' right fornenst them and so was the other, too, and both seen what was goin' on, as they couldn't help seein' it, for it was plain as the nose on my face. People used to say afterwards that the ould gentleman and the young one gave each other the wink to watch the sport, though, dear knows, it was no sport to either of them. When the gentleman followed the ladies to the drawing-room," Noddy was sorely puzzled to give these words in the Claddagh dialect, but she managed to convey the idea that the ladies *did* go to another room while they of the masculine gender sat over their wine and punch, together with the subsequent movement of the latter in the same direction—"it's no easy matter," said Noddy with infinite self-importance, "to make you understand the ways of the quality."

"Wisha, then, but it's the quare ways they *are!*" said a rough old fisherman who sat with his back against the jamb-wall, smoking his pipe in luxuriouse njoyment of the story; "couldn't they let the women take their comfort out of the drop as well as themselves, the unnatural haythens? if it was only to wash down their bit o' dinner!"

"Why, then, bad manners to you, Dinny!" said Noddy, sending a contemptuous whiff full in his face, "what right have you to find fault with the quality for havin' their own fashions. But sure I needn't blame you, poor man! if you knew any better you wouldn't do it. Well! whereabouts was I——

"At the gentlemen goin' to the ladies' room," said Maureen——

"That's it, that's it, child! it's you that's always cute and sharp at takin' up things. Well! as I was sayin', when Senor Juan—ahem! the young Spaniard went up to where the ladies was—and what do you think but he went up before any of the others—didn't himself and Miss Ellie get together again, and were playin' music together, everything like that. Well! my dears, when the rest of the gentlemen came up, the ould father was as red as a turkey's head with the dint of anger when he seen how things were goin', but he said nothing. By and by, the young gentleman that he had in his eye for Miss Ellie took him one side, and they had a long talk together, and after that, neither of them took any notice whatsomever of the young couple for the remainder of the evenin'. People were full sure that there was goin' to be a match between the rich young foreigner and purty Miss Ellie, and somehow every one was well pleased at it, for you'd swear they were made for one another. I suppose they thought so themselves, too, the creatures! but if they did, they were all in the wrong, and so was the whole town."

Here Noddy paused, ostensibly to have her pipe replenished, and to imbibe a certain portion of the inspiring essence of John Barleycorn, offered for her acceptance by the sorrowing young master of the household, whom the story had beguiled from his lethargy of woe, and placed on a seat at Maureen's back, viz.: an inverted fish-creel. Every one cried out to Noddy to go on, but Noddy, with the tact of an old story-teller, was coquettishly playing on the interest which it had been her previous study to excite in the minds of her hearers. So she puffed away at her pipe, took a few sips from the tea-cup which served the purpose of a glass, and then smoothing down her check apron, looked complacently and indeed somewhat slyly round on her audience as though she enjoyed their visible impatience.

"Ah, then! Noddy, can't you go on, now?"

"Well! Noddy, what came of it?"

"Were they married, Noddy, or what?"

"No, child, they were *not* married: whatever turned up that night after they all went home —and to this hour no one livin' knows—the Spaniard left the city early in the mornin', long afore any one was stirrin', and from that day to this, he was never seen on Irish ground."

"Lord save us, Noddy agra! what came of him, at all?"

"God only knows that," and the old woman shook her head with solemn emphasis, "many and many's the time I hard the ould mistress and master—God be good to them! talkin' about it between themselves, but they could never make head or tail of it."

"But what did Miss Ellie do, Noddy?" inquired Maureen eagerly. Did she die of grief?"

"The sorra *that* she did," said Noddy dryly, almost bitterly; "about a month after she was married to Mr. Fitz——, oh bother to this tongue of mine! I mean the young gentleman that was pleasin' to her father. I declare to you, many a one wondered that she took him, for, dear knows! he was a proud, dark-lookin' man as you'd find anywhere, though I can't say but what he was handsome enough, too,—still an' all, there was quare stories goin' at the time about him and the young foreigner—quare stories all out,—" and she shook her head with a mysterious air, and drew in her thin, bloodless lips as though she feared some indiscretion on their part. Seeing that no one spoke,—although every face reflected her own half-revealed suspicion, Noddy went on in a lower and still more solemn tone:

"People used to be sayin' that there were Spaniards made away with by some of his own forebearers in the ould ancient times long ago, and that Master Ar—, the bridegroom, I mean, had as dark and down a look with him as e'er a Fitz—as e'er a one of his people ever had. But, howsomever, it was the quarest thing of all that Miss Ellie could bring herself to take *him* for a partner athout knowin' what had come of the poor young gentleman that was a stranger in the place, and had ne'er a one to look after him only herself and her father. But, indeed, she took it mighty easy, and grew as fat as a little whale, and to see her and her man walkin' out or ridin' out together, my dears, you'd think she never had a notion of anybody else, or that the Spaniard had never come across either of them. The husband and the ould father of her are both dead years ago, so they know now whether they done the fair thing or not in regard to the poor stranger. The Lord forgive them their sins, anyhow."

(To be continued.)

OUR RUSSIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Notes from Moscow—Letter 2nd.

Moscow, February 2d, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TABLET.

SIR:—Last Friday I attended the wedding of Prince Ingalichif with Madlle. M. The ceremony was in church, the bride being led in by her attendants, two of whom were married ladies, and two gentlemen; and the groom by two ladies and two groomsmen. The lady's gentlemen attendants wait at her house until she is dressed, then jump into a carriage and drive like mad to the house of the intended husband to tell him she is ready. On his part, he sends one of his attendants to say he is prepared, and has started for the church, where they meet. His carriage has four white horses. Each party, escorted by their attendants, enter the church. The priest blesses them, going first to one, then to the other. They are next led forward to a carpet, on which they stand together, and the ceremony commences almost at the entrance of the church. After a while they are led nearer the altar, the attendants carrying two crowns. Finally, they are crowned and each receives a ring. After various prayers the ceremony is ended by a general kissing. The bride alone gets into the four horse carriage with her husband, and is driven to his house, where his parents, who have preceded them, meet her at the door and offer her salt and bread. The invited company enter after them, and the bride goes around and gives to each one a magnificent box of French bonbons costing, in proportion to the fortune of the bride, from $3 to $10 each,—a heavy item if there is a large company. After drinking a glass of champaigne all retire, leaving the bride with her husband. The next day she commences to pay visits and leaves her card with such of her old and new acquaintances as she wishes to continue visiting. On Saturday there was a large dinner at the house of the father of the bride to which I was invited. The bride was dressed in moire antique and wore, for the first time, a *cache peigne*—none but married ladies ever hiding the back hair. At the dinner the first toast was to the health of the newly married pair, which was drank with shouts by every body advancing and clinking glasses with them. Then the company commenced crying out in Russian (kicloni) "*it's bitter, it's bitter, it's bitter,*" that is, the wine is bitter, and must be sweetened, whereupon the bride has to kiss her husband. This was repeated several times after the toasts. I left the company when they were in train to become very jolly, for a flaming bowl of punch was brought in.

On Sunday there was a grand *Te Deum* at the French Catholic Church in thanksgiving for the escape of Louis Napoleon from the attempt on his life. The Governor-General, followed by all his suite, entered in full uniform. The church was crowded.

Next week commences the Carnival which lasts a week, and during which many get gloriously inebriated. Great preparations are being made for the ice hills and flying horses, houses are built on the open places, and under them are constructed the ice hills, where grown people amuse themselves, as the boys do with you, sliding down hill on a sledge. One day of the week is called the foolish day, or *la folle journee*. Invitations are given as for a ball; and the revelry is kept up from two o'clock in the day until five in the morning, by dancing, eating, and drinking.

I am invited to the palace of the Governor-General, and will send you a faithful account of the doings. On Saturday during the Carnival there is a ball of the nobility. This is a piece of variety on the part of the ladies to show that in full daylight they can be seen in full dress. With Lent all amusements cease—no theatre—no dancing; nothing but concerts and tea parties. In point of fasting the people are more abstemious than you. They take no meat, except on Sundays, and no butter. Oatmeal porridge is the principal dish, and this vigorous fast lasts six weeks. Then comes Easter, and they visit as at New Year, and make presents as we do at Christmas.

Whilst writing this the father of the bride called to thank me for attending the wedding. After each party you call, and after you have called the master of the house returns your visit. You may imagine what a round of visiting this occasions. This gentleman came in and I met him at the door, but he would not shake hands across the threshold because it is considered unlucky. So he came in and kissed me on both cheeks, doing the same when he left. This being kissed by a man is not very agreeable, but I am becoming used to it, and promise to take my revenge next Easter, when one has the right to kiss all his lady friends.

Yours truly, ***.

STATEN ISLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ROSSVILLE, Staten Island,
15th March, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

While great work is going on all around us and receiving public notice, it seems that our little Church at Rossville (St. Joseph's), though so rapidly gaining ground, is left almost unnoticed; and with this impression, I beg liberty to call your attention to the brilliant lecture which was delivered there on Sunday, 14th inst., by our worthy and beloved Pastor, Rev. Father Caro. The subject was "The Tongue."

In proving the various effects, both good and evil, arising from the different uses of the tongue, Father Caro went on to say that one word from our Saviour converted Magdalen, one word from Him moved St. Peter to repentance, and one word from Him converted the thief upon the cross. One word, also, from the serpent's tongue caused the ruin of the human race. He compared one word from a slanderous tongue to a spark of fire that catches in a building. It spreads from the obscure corner to different parts of the house, until the walls begin to totter and fall, thence to other edifices bringing destruction with it, until the whole city is in ruins. And thus it was with a word from an evil tongue. It began in an obscure place, and spread from one to another, till it shattered and overturned whole communities. By the time a child could begin to utter a word, his tongue began to use profane language, and from all around him, even to the old, grey-haired man, he had the example set for him.

But how much good had been caused by a sensible tongue! How often had the weapon fallen from the hand of the fighter—how many dissensions had been settled by the influence of a sensible tongue!

Members of both the Island papers were present, and notwithstanding the very unfavorable weather, the Church was filled with persons of all denominations, who certainly must have been highly gratified, for the discourse was most eloquent and touching.

The congregation have reason to be proud of their pastor, for he spares no pains to advance the little Church, and to please and improve the people. The Church looked beautiful on the occasion, and its present appearance, in contrast with that of about two years ago, when Father Caro came amongst us, is striking proof of his untiring zeal.

A MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION.

A new book entitled "Life Thoughts," from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, is announced. Philips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, are the publishers.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XLII.

O'Connell on Tenant Right—Prophetic Letter on the Subject—Inquiry into the Connection between the Legislative Union and Agragrian Crime in Ireland —Condition of Ireland after Forty-seven years of "Union."

THE public are familiar with Mr. O'Connell's exertions in favor of Tenant Right. "Fixity of Tenure" was the phrase he adopted; though I believe that "Security of Tenure" would have more accurately designated what he sought. His great object was to impose some check on the wholesale extermination of the people by the landlords; the multitudinous deaths by destitution consequent on landlord tyranny; the horrible retaliatory murders; and the social disorganization of which he saw the increase. I am enabled to lay before the reader the following letter, addressed by O'Connell to a gentleman who was in communication with Lord Devon, at the period of his lordship's abortive "Commission" in Ireland. It affords a remarkable proof of the writer's prophetic sagacity and is pregnant with warning and instruction:*

"Dublin, 26th April, 1845.

"My Dear ******.

"I am very impatient and uneasy about Lord Devon's bills. I shall be most unhappy if nothing should be done for the tenantry. I implore you to remind Lord Devon that agragrian murders have increased year after year. There were nineteen murders of this class between Tipperary and the King's County last year. The most recent case was, as you know, in the county Fermanagh.

"Besides these assassinations, the wholesale slaughter of the clearance system precedes in every case the individual murder. Impress upon Lord Devon that these things *cannot* last. He probably would laugh if he thought that I was convinced (which I am) that it is the Repeal Association, and the hopes it excites, which prevent rebellion. But no matter for that. The mischief is most pressing, and a powerful remedy is alone applicable to the case.

"Recollect also the hideous picture given in Lord Devon's Report of the state of the greater part of the agricultural population. In comparing that state with the crimes on both sides connected with the clearance system, ask yourself whether it is possible that things can remain as they are? The more I think on the bills in preparation, the more I am convinced that they will rather irritate than allay. At best they are but homœopathic remedies for the national disease. Do not expect the least reduction of popular discontent from them. Nothing will do but giving some kind or other of fixity of tenure to the occupiers; and especially an absolute right of recompense for all substantial improvements. I am ready to take, as to fixity of tenure, *as moderate a measure as is consistent with the principle.* I cannot conclude without once more reiterating the necessity of doing something substantial for the occupying tenants.

"I know well how unpalatable such a system would be to the landlords, especially the absentees. But in truth, unless something be done, the people will slip out of my hands, and the hands of those who, like me, are for peaceful amelioration. They will operate a 'Fixity of Tenure' for themselves, with a vengeance!

"Believe me to be, by dear ******,

"Most truly yours,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The crimes which this letter deplores have unhappily increased. The remedial measures suggested by O'Connell were not adopted; and the consequences he predicted have to a great extent ensued. The English Parliament, which moves at a snail's pace, or does not move at all, when a grievance is to be remedied or a right conceded, outstrips the velocity of steam in applying its favorite and futile remedy, coercion. Be it so. My purpose now is not to discuss the Coercion Bill of 1847. But I wish to point attention to the close and intimate connection between the Legislative Union and Agrarian Crime.

That connection is clear and indisputable: and the abettors of the Union are morally responsible for all the social horrors that result from it. The blood of many a starved peasant and murdered landlord lies at the door of the Union. To that fell act are distinctly traceable the disorganization of Irish society and all its concomitant crimes.

1stly. It impoverished the people to a maddening extent. It caused the immediate withdrawal from Ireland of a vast and important class of consumers and employers, thereby annihilating numerous branches of profitable industry, destroying the domestic market for Irish manufacture, and *throwing nearly the entire population for support upon the soil.*

2ndly. It thus flung the people at the feet of the landlords, in greater numbers and in greater helplessness than ever: whilst,

3rdly. It tended, by the postilent infusion of anti-Irish prejudice, to revive and exasperate the traditionary hatred of the landlords against the people.

What a cauldron of hell-broth have we here! and how full of the ingredients of agrarian crime! Nothing short of a miracle could have prevented it from boiling over on the ill-starred land.

Thus, the practical operation of the Union was, and is, to foment the divisions of landlord and tenant. It taught the Irish Aristocracy of English descent to look to England as their sure and powerful partisan in every exercise of tyranny against their humbler countrymen. They received, as the price of their quiet submission to the Union, unlimited and irresponsible power over the masses. With such aid, and such encouragement, they became reckless in their tyranny. The Union converted them into a sort of spurious Englishmen, and practically trained them to consider all sympathy with their suffering serfs as an indication of provincial vulgarity. Meanwhile, the condition of those serfs became daily worse. The money-drains from Ireland directly resulting from the Union were intolerable. The withdrawal of specie from the country in taxes, absentee rents, and the various other drains incident to the removal of the Parliament and public establishments, soon rendered the potato almost the only circulating medium in numerous districts. The people thus hopelessly beggared, became a sheer nuisance to their landlords. But they could be "cleared out." If discontent should follow what matter? Had not England always abetted her Irish garrison in all their outrages, and would she not stand by them still? An Insurrection Act, or a Coercion Bill, or, if needful, a suspension of the Habeas Corpus, might easily be had. Fortified by this happy confidence, the landlords continued their "clearances." Between 1838 and 1842 inclusive, 356,985 persons were ejected from their holdings by civil bill process; and the "clearances" are stated by Mr. Sharman Crawford to have gone on in rapidly increasing ratio. If we suppose that only an equal number have been expelled from 1842 to 1847, the entire will amount for ten years to 713,970.* The retaliatory murders accordingly increased; and when once blood was shed, the assassin was not always very nice as to the moral merits of his victim. The good man sometimes fell as well as the oppressor. The Union had brutalized large numbers of the gentry in the mode I have indicated, and the gentry, by their crimes, demoralized large numbers of the people. The Union had "resolved society in Ireland into its original elements;"† it had sown the wind, and its abettors reaped the whirlwind.

This frightful condition of things could not possibly have existed if it were not for the Union. Let us see how matters would have stood, had an Irish Parliament continued to preside over the destinies of the country.

1stly. The rapidly advancing prosperity which Ireland enjoyed before the Union, and which Mr. Pitt and Lord Clare admitted to exist, would not have been checked by the enormous money-drains entailed by that disastrous measure. *There would, therefore, have been infinitely less pressure on the land.*

2ndly. A salutary national feeling would have necessarily existed in the minds of the Irish aristocracy; such a feeling would result from the very circumstance of legislating for Ireland at home; from the fact that their native land was at once the theatre of their labors and the rewarder of their ambition.

3rdly. They would have felt themselves amenable to an Irish public opinion, instead of defying that public opinion, and looking to England for protection and impunity.

4thly. These causes combined, would have prevented that violent antagonism of the interests and prejudices of landlord and tenant, which now results in so much crime and bloodshed. The country, free from English plunder, English mismanagement, and the domestic distractions fomented by the blundering interference of England, would have enjoyed peace and prosperity within, and honor abroad.

What we need, above all things, is a clear riddance of England.

Mr. Walter of the *Times*, M.P. for Nottingham, is reported to have said in the House of Commons, "that the Irish people were incompetent for self-government."

Truly, Mr. Walter, it would be hard if we could not, at least, govern ourselves better than *your* countrymen govern us. For forty-seven years England has had unlimited legislative power over Ireland; and at the end of that long period—nearly half a century—the success of her government is evidenced by turbulence and bloodshed, general poverty, constant famine,‡ and universal discontent. Such are the fruits of nearly half a century of England's rule in one of the most fertile lands in Europe. There is an actual sublimity of impudence in the English senator and journalist, who, with the deadly havoc made by English government in Ireland staring him in the face, can yet taunt the Irish people with incapacity to manage Irish affairs!

Verily, Mr. Walter, what we need above all things, is a good riddance of you and your countrymen in your legislative character.

A judicious law of Tenant Right might, indeed, stop the murders. But so long as the Union-drains go on, preventing the accumulation of Irish wealth into national capital, so long will there be in Ireland a distressed proprietary, and a half-starved, harassed people.*

Every man who desires to preserve the empire in its integrity, is interested in procuring a Repeal of the Union.

The Union was a violent and unnatural disruption of the Irish political and social system. It forcibly wrenched from Ireland the legislative power of regulating her own affairs. It transferred that power to ignorant, incompetent, apathetic, contemptuous, or hostile foreigners. It checked the growing fusion of the various Irish parties. It kept alive the odious distinction of races, which would otherwise have speedily merged in a common nationality. It did this, by making London, instead of Dublin, the fountain of opinion and of influence, as well as the centre of power. It created new grievances, and aggravated old ones; whilst it vastly augmented the difficulty of redress. It deprived the Irish people of a legislative organ of public opinion, through which to seek the remedy of public wrongs. It operated as a moral earthquake, scattering around the fragments of the social wreck, and filling the land with confusion and dismay.

So much for Ireland. As for England, although she has had much dishonest profit from the Union, yet the crime is not wholly unaccompanied by retribution. The Irish pauperism it created has crossed the Channel, and spreads distress and pestilence through various districts of that country.

As for the empire, the Union, if unrepealed, bids fair to work its dismemberment. It gives the Irish people a direct interest in the weakness and adversity of England, for it teaches them that it is only from that weakness and that adversity they can hope to recover their national rights. It presents British connection to them in the aspect of an intolerable grievance, and thereby deprives one-third of the Queen's European subjects of all interest in maintaining that connection. Foreign statesmen know this.

What unspeakable fatuity to denominate an act thus fraught with all the seeds of international hatred and weakness, "THE GREAT BOND OF OUR NATIONAL STRENGTH AND SAFETY!"†

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* I am indebted for this letter to the kindness of the gentleman from whom I obtained the unpublished Address to the Prelates.

* It would be a curious inquiry, how many of these houseless and penniless unfortunates perished; and how many, rendered desperate by the system of which they were victims, were formed into criminal confederacies. They would, of necessity, possess the sympathy of the tenant class to which they had themselves belonged; and many of whom knew not how soon a similar fate might be their own. Does not this account for some of the "impunity of crime" in Ireland that we hear so much about?

What a festering leaven of social evil in the system that turns myriads of ejected tenants adrift on a country which has no manufactures to absorb them!

† Lord Plunket.

‡ "Ireland is in a state of perpetual famine."—*Times*, September, 1845. N.B.—This was before the potato calamity set in. We may talk, in the Cockney slang of the day, of Thug-peasants and Thug-landlords; but the real Monster-Thug of Ireland is the Legislative Union, which has destroyed its victims by whole legions.

* The Anglo-Irish squires and squireens would do well to bear in mind O'Connell's prophecy, which passing events may possibly show them to be not quite unfounded:

"If the Union be not repealed, the burden of the Poor Laws alone, upon the occupiers of land, and of houses in towns, will drive the people into a sanguinary, and perhaps a successful, insurrection."—*O'Connell's Letter to Lord Shrewsbury*, 1842.

† Speech from the Throne, 1834.

(To be continued.)

THE RUSSIAN GENERAL SUVAROF.

The most active and terrible of all the figures of the Court of the Empress Catherine of Russia was old Suvarof, the conqueror of Bessarabia and Poland. This old madman whose instinct for blood was that of the tiger, exhibited in public and private the manners of a buffoon. No one who saw his weather-beaten and shrivelled figure tracing the streets of St. Petersburg, hopping on one foot, and gamboling with a train of boys at his heels, to whom he threw apples to make them scramble and fight, while he cried out "I am Suvarof, I am Suvarof." Who could have imagined it was the same man, the successful general, the ferocious despot, who conducted in person the massacre of Warsaw, twenty thousand of whose inhabitants he cut to pieces; and, seated on a heap of bodies, in the market place, granted pardon to the rest. Since Attilla, perhaps the world had not witnessed so barbarous a warrior; indeed, his savage conduct in the field, and his eccentric manners and course of life, seemed to indicate the presence of insanity. A sketch of his mode of life may not be uninteresting.

Suvarof rose from the ranks, and advanced step by step to the rank of Commander-in-Chief; and, whether with the Army or at Court, his life was that of an ancient Scythian. On such occasions as he came to St. Petersburg, he refused chambers in the palace, and slept in the carriage in which he travelled. Every evening at six he retired to rest, and rose at two o'clock every morning. After a bath, administered by half a dozen soldiers, armed with pails of cold water, he breakfasted and reviewed his troops. His dinner was in readiness at eight every morning; and this, like his first meal, consisted of ox flesh, brandy, and coarse rye bread. All who were invited to such repasts—and he was passionately fond of company—trembled at the prospect of such savage fare. His appetite was enormous; and often, in the middle of an entertainment, one of his aides-de-camp was seen to approach him and forbid him in an authoritative manner to eat any more. "By whose orders am I forbidden?" the General would then demand. "By the order of Marshal Suvarof himself," was the reply. Upon which the General, rising, would say, "He must be obeyed;" and, in like manner, he caused himself to be commanded in his own name to walk, drink, sleep, or perform any other business of the day. Sometimes he visited the hospitals in the character of a physician. Such as appeared extremely ill he ordered to swallow quantities of rhubarb and salts, but those who were only slightly indisposed he treated with a few dozen lashes. He was frequently known to drive all the sick out of hospital, saying, "It is not permitted the soldiers of Suvarof to be sick." He was accustomed to drill his men himself, and at the siege of Ismail was seen mounted on a bare-backed Cossack horse, in his shirt, putting the soldiers through their exercise, and cutting at them with his cane, in the midst of the snow, and of the shells fired from the Turkish batteries. When in camp his soldiers were never awakened by the drums beating *reveille;* but instead, the General marched out of his tent, and crew three times like a cock; and this was always the signal used, whether his army were to rise, to march, or rush to battle. His hatred of the French was extreme, and his feeling toward the European Powers generally was evinced by the different ways in which he made his soldiers charge with the bayonet. When he said, "March against the Poles!" the soldier plunged his bayonet once; "March against the Prussians!" and the soldier struck twice; but when he said, "March against the execrable French!" the soldier made two thrusts forward, a third on the ground, and there stuck and turned round his bayonet. With all his ferocity he was extremely superstitious. He made his officers pray loud and long before their companies; and, like Cæsar, was fearfully punctilious as to which foot he placed first on his carriage step, or first put in motion when beginning a march. In his domestic relations this barbarian displayed the same eccentricity as marked every other phase of his life. He quarrelled with his wife and son, to whom he preferred his nephews, the Princes Gortschakoff, and whom he refused to see or recognize, but when Catherine made the young Suvarof an officer of her Guards, the father said, "As the Empress chooses I shall have a son, be it so; but, for myself, I know nothing of the matter." He had also a daughter, a Maid of Honour at Court, and who was chiefly remarkable for her idiotism. After an absence of twelve years, the Marshal, having appointed a meeting with her, in the house of a third party, the girl, looking at him, said, "Ah, father, how big you have grown since I last saw you." In French, this would have been a play upon words, but in Russian it was only a laughable blunder. This horrible brigand, who was said to have the body of an ape, the eyes and mouth of a wolf and hyena, was, with respect to money, the most disinterested and generous of men. From time to time Catherine offered him splendid presents, all of which he rejected. He gave away handsful of money in charity; and it was only when men asked him to grant them their lives that he refused. One of the most peculiar traits related of him is that he used frequently shut himself up for a month to study the dead languages, and that he spoke Hebrew better than German or French. After a victory he was fond of sending an epigrammatic bulletin to the capital, and once plagiarised Cæsar's famous despatch, "*Veni, vidi, vici,*"—appropriately omitting, however, the second word, for he despised tactique, and merely rushed at his object like a bulldog. Again, contrasting the rival Generals with himself, he said: "Kamenskoi knows war; but war knows nothing of him. I do not know her; but she knows me. As to Soltikof, he neither knows her nor is known by her." Upon the accession of Paul, that Emperor having changed the dress of his soldiers from the Russian to the French fashion, Suvarof, disgusted at a costume which he considered as too effeminate, exclaimed, "Hairpowder; curls are not cannons; and tails are not bayonets." This sarcasm, which, in the Russian tongue, forms an apothegm in rhyme, having spread through the army, was the cause which induced the Emperor to recall Suvarof, and dismiss him from the service.—*Nation.*

BEAUTIES OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—A Latin writer of the seventeenth century, who was conversant with most of the European tongues, tells us that the Irish language surpasseth in gravity the Spanish, in elegance the Italian, in colloquial charms the French; it equals, if it does not surpass, the German itself in inspiring terror. From the lips of the Irish preacher it is a bolt to arrest the evil doer in the career of guilt, and to allure by its soft and insinuating tones to the paths of virtue. The witticism, the jest and the epigram, it expresses briefly; and in the hands of the poet it is so plaint and flexible, that the "*Uraiceacht na n-eigeas,*" or "Precepts of the Poets," lay down rules for more than a hundred different kinds of metre; so that in the opinion of men who are acquainted with several languages, Irish poetry does not yield, either in variety, construction, or polish of its metres, to the poetry of any nation in Europe. The native poets delighted to revile

> The stranger's tongue upborne by law,
> Whose phrase uncouth distorts the Gaelic jaw,

and found endless pleasure in eulogizing their own language. As an illustration of this we may quote the following lines from one of the poems of Denis O'Mahoney, a Munster bard of the last century:

> As iseadh ba bhlasda, ba cnesada, ba fhior-liomhtha,
> Ba ol te, ba aite ba thapadh a m-brigh bin guib;
> Ba shnaighte, ba shnaighlaine, rncaireachd gaois-loithe.
> Ni h-ionan's glafairneach mhallaighthe ar bu-fhior-naimhde.
>
> Unlike the jargon of our foreign foe,
> On raptur'd ear it pours its copious flow;
> Most feeling, mild, polite, and polish'd tongue,
> That learned sage e'er spoke or sung.

Gibbon, and Voltaire, and Chesterfield, were distinguished infidels. Gibbon's house at Lake Leman, is now a hotel, in which there is a room for the sale of Bibles. Voltaire's printing press, from which he scattered infidel tracts, has been appropriated to printing the Word of God; and Chesterfield's parlor, where an infidel club used to meet, is now a vestry-room.

Mr. Bates, of the firm of Paul, Strahan & Co., London, has been set at liberty.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A foot race for £50 a side took place between two men, of some celebrity as pedestrians, named Brierly and Savage. The ground selected was about six miles from town, in a northerly direction; and a special train on the Ballymena Railway conveyed some hundreds of very rough "sporting characters" to the station nearest to the scene. The distance to be gone over was half a mile. Brierly took the lead, kept it, and won; but it is stated that his rival was tripped or jostled, and so lost his chance. The "odds" were in favor of Brierly.—*Belfast paper.*

A riot, in which the contending parties were of opposite political sentiments, took place on Carrickfergus Shore Road, nearly in front of Castleton, and within about one hundred yards of a magistrate's drawing-room windows. Some dozen pairs of combatants were fighting at once, and a number of *women* were mixed up in the *melee*. All the parties had the appearance of mill workers and laborers. No police interference took place, and the affray lasted for at least half an hour.—*Banner of Ulster.*

Messrs. Lanyon and Lynn, of Belfast, have obtained the first premium for a design of a new church about to be built in Edinburgh. This is the greatest honor, considering that there were no less than 58 competitors from different parts of the kingdom.

The amount of duty paid at the Belfast Custom House, for the week ending Feb. 20, was £8,204 7s. 8d., against £8,582 0s. 10d. the previous week, and £4,370 0s. 1d. the corresponding period of last year.

There are only the small number of ten prisoners for trial in the county Antrim prison; of these seven are returned for the Assizes, and three for trial at the Quarter Session.

Cavan.

The town of Cootehill has recently made rapid strides in improvement, it having been placed under the operation of the Towns' Improvement Act. A gas company has been established, the streets, shops, and private dwelling houses have been lit with gas since the 1st of October last; the houses in the principal streets have been raised or otherwise improved; and new footpaths are being made. The first section of the railway connecting the Ulster line with the Great Midland and Western—that from Ballybay to Cootehill—is about being commenced. In addition to all this Cootehill and its vicinity is the only locality in the north of Ireland, save Armagh, in which brown linen cloth, 1 1-4 and 1 1-2 yards wide—for sheeting—is manufactured by hand-loom weavers, which, when bleached, or "brown-beetled," is much sought in the home and foreign markets. No idea can be conceived of the benefit derived from its manufacture, by operatives in the town and neighborhood—not a few of whom are females—the daughters of small farmers and others, who are themselves generally hand-loom weavers—as they can readily earn at this employment from 7s. 6d. to 10s. per week.

Head-Constable Harrison and party, stationed at Cootehill, succeeded in seizing a still and still-head, with a number of jars, kegs, &c, containing potale and illicit spirits, on the premises of a wealthy farmer in the townland of Magera, parish of Drung. This is the fifth still Head-Constable Harrison has seized in this district since the revenue duties were added to the constabulary.

Clare.

We are happy to state, says the *Munster News*, that a preliminary meeting to promote a memorial of the illustrious Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, is arranged to be held in Ennis. The county requisition for the public meeting for this great object has been signed by Lord Francis Conyngham, M.P., Francis Macnamara Calcutt, Esq., M.P., J. W. Skerrett, Esq., J.P., Finnerva, and a large number of other gentlemen. The meeting will be held on the anniversary of the National Apostle, the 17th March. To this monument all ranks in each county in which toleration is loved, should offer their aid; but without it or with it, Clare men have the honor to commemorate visibly, and the office and duty should for themselves be nobly fulfilled. It is undertaken in an auspicious and generous spirit. The chosen representatives of the county have set their seals to the work; and we look to discover in the roll of contributors the names of all those of fortune or competence, by whom they have been placed in the position they hold. Protestants and Catholics, laymen and priests, lords, landlords and occupiers—all severally shared in the election of the present members, and thus to the living it must be a compliment—to the great dead a tribute—to the county a right, to the town an ornament, to the age an honor—to erect to the Liberator and lover of all his race a statue on the spot, the memorable spot which history designates.

Cork.

A letter has been received in Cork from a late constable in the City police, now a member of the Melbourne Constabulary, in which the writer gives a very cheerless description of that recently prosperous capital. His former communications represented it as a most favorable spot, and urged upon the men of the Irish Constabulary to emigrate to a country where work and high wages were plenty.

Donegal.

While Gweedore, and Cloughaneely, and Milford exhibit the marks of excruciating distress and vindictive oppression, Lord Leitrim, not satisfied with his hideous fame, is preparing for further desolation! Stretching from Lough Swilly to Mulroy Bay, the Donegal coast presents an unbroken series of bays and creeks, and desolate sands and weather-beaten cliffs. Here the poor peasants of Fanet have been from the remotest times accustomed to commonage, while in the sea they found manure for their little fields, and when kelp was profitable, the weed from which to manufacture it. To one familiar with the dangers of the sea-weed gatherer's occupation—to any one who knows that when the wave foams and the storm howls the sea-weed must be sought—and who has seen the hardy peasants rush into the surf and bear it in from the battling waves—the profits would seem slight for the fearful hazard and the ceaseless toil. No man's hand has planted these weeds of the deep; yet Lord Leitrim has made his claim upon them! The little village of Tawney was crowded on last "law day" with wretched peasants, miserable kelp-burners, to answer the summons of the Earl, for maliciously damaging, injuring, and spoiling the sea-weed (!). The Earl began his claim in 1856, by charging 2s. 6d. for an individual right to fish wreck weed from the sea; he raised the charge in 1857 to £1; and this year his demand was £1 5s. This sum the wretched kelp-burners were unable to pay, and the Earl instituted proceedings. The Government Magistrate (Mr. Considine) dismissed the cases; and for the present the peasants of Fanet are relieved from the horrors of Cloughaneely and Gweedore.—*Nation.*

We are gratified to observe that despite the misrepresentations of the Tory press, the benevolent public of all creeds and classes are contributing to the Donegal fund.

Down.

An accident of a serious character took place at the Lisburn station of the Ulster Railway. As the five o'clock up train was approaching the terminus, a commercial traveller, connected with a Manchester house, attempted to get out of the carriage before the train had quite stopped. Unfortunately, his foot got entangled between the foot-board of the train and the platform, which is composed of stone, and in this critical position he was dragged a number of yards ere the motion of the train had entirely ceased. Great difficulty was experienced in extricating his leg, which was only accomplished by cutting a portion of the foot-board, and it was found that the limb was very much mutilated. It has been considered as exceedingly fortunate that the entire body was not drawn into the train, in which event loss of life would certainly have ensued. It is to be deeply lamented that railway travellers *will* exhibit such culpable carelessness. In this case the exercise of a few minutes' patience would have prevented a melancholy mishap.

The Lenten Pastoral of their lordships, the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Catholic Bishop of Dromore, and his Coadjutor, Dr. Leahy, was read in the Cathedral, Newry, as also in the several chapels of the diocese. On last Sunday a pastoral was read from their lordships announcing that the pontiff had been pleased to grant a jubilee, or indulgence to all the members of the Church who complied with the conditions enjoined.—*Newry Herald.*

A Stack of straw, the property of John Gillis, of the Commons, was maliciously destroyed by fire. The loss is computed at about £7. A person was seen to approach the haggard of Gillis, before the fire was noticed, and leave again, and the flames were subsequently observed. No clue has been obtained likely to lead to the detection of the incendiary.—*Newry Telegraph.*

Dublin.

A new opera entitled *William of Normandy* is announced by Mr. G. W. Torrance. It is to be performed with the valuable aid of Dr. Stewart, Mr. Joseph Robinson, Mr. William Robinson, Mr. Levey, Mr. Gustavus Geary, Mr. R. Smith, Mr. O'Rorke, Miss Julia Cruise, and Miss Fanny Cruise; and also with the co-operation of a skilled orchestra and competent chorus composed of ladies and gentlemen from the several musical societies of Dublin, and of choristers from cathedrals. The appearance of a new production on such a scale is an event which, whether its result be successful or the reverse, at all events demands attention. The composer, who is an Irishman, has not gone abroad to attempt to gain the reward of his labors.—*Freeman's Journal.*

In the course of a trial lately before one of the law courts, the following piece of interesting information was elicited from Mr. Patrick Reynolds, son of Mr. John Reynolds, the would-be representative of the city of Dublin, or of any other place or thing whatever that would enable him to take a seat in the House of Commons and so keep the business of the "general office" in a flourishing condition. Mr. Pat is evidently a soft headed gorsoon. The lawyers pumped him. We should not like to be the recipients of the knock under the ear he got when he went home: "Mr. Patrick Reynolds was produced, and deposed in contradiction to the plaintiff, that he had engaged him to act for his father in relation to the petition at his office in Fleet street. The Chief Justice—What sort of office does your father keep? Mr. Raynolds—It is a general office; people come there looking for situations." (Laughter). It was no laughing matter to poor Pat. We warrant he will be kept at a distance from the "general office" for some time to come—*Nation.*

The following are the votes of the Irish members on the amendment of Mr. Gibson: *Against Ministers*—Hugh Annesly, M. Archdall, William Bunbury, Hugh Cairns, Henry Cole, Thomas Conolly, Henry Curry, L. D. Damer, Richard Davison, W. C. Dobb, Sir George Forster, John Greene, Edward Grogan, Lord C. Hamilton, George Hamilton, W. F. Hume, Richard Ker, Charles P. Leslie, George Macartney, P. M'Mahon, S. B. Miller, Joseph Napier, Colonel Taylor, John Vance, James Whiteside, A Wynne. *For Ministers*—John Bagwell, John Blake, Loftus Bland, George Bowyer, John Boyd, John Brady, Lord J. Browne, Sir T. Burke, J. Clark, Lord Castlerosse, William Cogan, Sir C. Coote, Rickard Deasy, S. De Vere, John Devereux, Michael Dunne, John Ennis, John Esmonde, Wm. Fagan, Sir R. Ferguson, C. Fortesque, Major Gavin, Samuel Greer. W. Gregory, Colonel Greville, John Hatchell, David Henchy, H. A. Herbert, Sir R. Levinge, Alexander Macarthy, James M'Cann, John Maguire, Patrick O'Brien, J. Richardson, F. W. Russell, M. Sullivan, L. Waldron. *Pairs*—For government—Captain D. O'Connell, L. A. Ellis. For Mr. Gibson—Sir Wm. Verner, Lord E. Hill, E. J. Cooper, Sir R. Booth, Sir E. Hayes.—*Ibid.*

Several new petitions were presented to the Incumbered Estates Court last week, including some estates of large value, among which are those of Sir Henry Meredyth, in Meath and Kildare, £1,832 per annum; and those of the trustees of Hon. Maryanne Southwell, £1,444 per annum.

Fermanagh.

Mr. Whiteside having accepted the office of Attorney-General for Ireland, the writ of election for Enniskillen was transmitted from the Hanaper Office.

Galway.

The Poor Law Commissioners have thought fit to revive the prosecution against the estimable curate of Glennamaddy. They were foiled on a former occasion, and we venture to prophesy that a similar defeat awaits the autocrats of the Custom-house in their attempt to annoy a clergyman who holds such a position in public esteem. Verily, these government officials are resolved, if not checked, virtually to renew the penal code against Catholic clergymen.—*Tuam Herald.*

Kerry.

The following is an extract from the Lenten Pastoral of the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry: "You know, dearly beloved, how anxiously we desire to promote obedience to the law, to cherish good will between you and those who rule over you, and to knit firmly together the whole frame of society by that charity which the Apostle tells us is the most perfect bond—(Coloss 3.) But occasions may arise through the malice or the folly of man, when it would be the duty of a Christian bishop to say, and to take the consequences of saying, what the chief of the Apostles declared before the rulers of the Jews, that it is not just to obey man rather than God—(Acts 3)—and should it be made evident on further enquiry that the Catholic soldier cannot give his life for his country without endangering the faith and the salvation of his children, and that the Catholic sailor is not only deprived of the ministrations of his own church, but forced into certain participations in a worship which his conscience disapproves, then we should say that the occasion had arisen, and that the Christian men should not place themselves in a position incompatible with their allegiance to their Creator."

Kilkenny.

Alderman John Potter has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace by the Lord Chancellor, in the place of his late lamented brother, Alderman Henry Potter, J.P.—*Journal.*

Limerick.

We have authority for stating that the petition against the return of Major Gavin as M.P. for this city has been lodged and will be prosecuted.—*Chronicle.*

An immense property has been left to William Fraser, Esq., Manager of the Bank of Ireland in this city, by his uncle, who lately died in North Britain.—*Ibid.*

Longford.

Longford has not forfeited its character as one of the most orderly and peaceful counties in Ireland. At the summer assizes last year, the then High Sheriff presented the Crown Judge with a pair of white kid gloves, his lordship having no criminals to try. Although the assize, which terminated on Tuesday last was not, strictly speaking, a maiden assize, yet from the lightness of the calendar, it afforded the strongest evidence that law and order continue to pre-eminently distinguish our county. Nine cases appeared upon the calendar, but the crown declined to proceed in four out of these. The case of Peter Farrell, "charged with having caused the death of his mother-in-law, by poison," was not proceeded with—and the "strongly suspected" was allowed to stand out on his own recognizance, to appear hereafter, if called on. The very absurd charge against Timothy H. Dunne for using "seditious and treasonable language," was similarly disposed of. The third important case—the charge against Arthur Devlin and Daniel Devlin, for the manslaughter of Thomas Hopkins, resulted in a *nolle prosequi* for the homicide; and, on an indictment charging the same parties with an assault, with intent to endanger life, in a verdict of acquittal for Daniel, and the conviction for common assault on Arthur.—*Midland Counties Gazette.*

Louth.

An inquest was held by Dr. Callan, at Whitemills, near Faughart, on the body of a young man named John Taylor, who was killed the day before whilst working in a field near his own house. It appeared that deceased and a man in his employment were undermining a large stone at least ten ton weight, for the purpose of sinking it in the ground, when the earth around it suddenly gave way, and it fell in crushing him to death instantaneously. It was nearly an hour and a half before the stone could be sufficiently removed to allow of his extrication. Verdict, Accidental Death.

A paragraph appeared in a late number of the *Freeman's Journal* from a Drogheda correspondent, stating that 100 weavers were lately employed in this town. It is with regret that we have to state that there is no truth in the statement; but, on the contrary, men are being dismissed every day, and the calls on the relief committee by weavers for work are more numerous now than they were a month ago. Penny-a-liners should be prevented from indulging in lying puffs, as such are likely to damp that charity which should be allowed to flow freely when distress prevails.—*Drogheda Argus.*

Monaghan.

The following are the prisoners and traversers for trial at the ensuing County Monaghan Assizes: In custody, Patrick Duffy, murder; Pat M'Cardle, stabbing Rev. James M'Meel; Mary Gault, larceny. Bailed cases: Francis Hughes, assault and robbery; David Dickson, stabbing; Edward Mayne, bigamy; John M'Gowan, manslaughter; John Kelly, waylaying and assault.—*Standard.*

Roscommon.

An act of vandalism, almost unparalleled in Ireland, was perpetrated at the old churchyard of Kilkeevan, near Castlerea. A large tombstone, erected half a century ago by Alexander O'Connor Don, and placed outside the churchyard, was broken into small fragments. This stone was of much genealogical repute, being all covered with inscription; and as an authentic historical record, cannot be replaced. It was discovered in the morning "utterly annihilated," the deed being done with heavy sledge hammers, as appeared by the indentations. A considerable reward has been offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this nefarious outrage.—*Messenger.*

Much excitement was created by a rumor that two servant boys of Mr. Kelly, of Essexlawn, had been found dead on their beds. The facts turned out to be that one of the men, Thomas Loftus, was dead, and the other, Pat Finn, was, we might say, restored to life and consciousness by the unremitting attention and skill of Dr. Harrison who had been immediately sent for. The deceased and Finn brought a fire into their sleeping room on a pan, and left it on the floor, the fumes of which had suffocated deceased, and nearly proved fatal to the survivor. Mr. Peyton, the coroner, held an inquest on the body. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts as above stated.

Tipperary.

The Cashel petition, which every one appeared to think had dropped, will positively be tried this session, Sir F. Baring having given notice to have it referred to the general committee of elections. The petition does not affect the seat of Sir Timothy O'Brien so much as the borough itself, against which strong allegations of corruption are made by Mr. J. J. Scully, the petitioner.

In the matter of the estate of the Rev. William Bryan, owner and petitioner, part of the lands of Ballycullen, situate in the barony of Slievardagh, containing eighty-two acres and over, Irish plantation measure, held under a fee farm grant, and yielding a profit rent of £33 16s. 1 1-2d., was purchased by Mr. Matthew Hawe, in trust, for £550.

Waterford.

The annual ploughing match of the Waterford farming society took place on the farm of Mr. Edmund Walsh, Bishop's-court. The day was very fine, the ground in good order, and the attendance of the public very large. The ground was marked out by James Anderson, Esq., J. P., and Mr. R. H. Dyer. The following were the successful candidates: *Gentlemen's Class*—James Anderson, Esq.; Mr. Archer, Dunmore, two ploughs; Mr. Adamson. *Farmer's Class*—Matthew Nolan, Kilronan; John Dunphy, Killowen; Matthew Connelly, Bonmahogue; Michael Phelan, Ballyganen; Patrick Power, Mountcongreve; James Hearne, Raheen; John Fitzgerald, Ballyvolleen; Robert Morrisey, Harristown.—*News.*

We were favored on Shrove Tuesday with a kind of Carnival, the mummers being some Austrian or Italian sailors, dressed most fantastically, and all with masks. A large crowd followed the masqueraders, and appeared highly delighted with the antics they performed.—*Ibid.*

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

VERDICT AGAINST THE ITALIAN ASSASSINS.

The sentence of death pronounced by the French Tribunal within the last week on the conspirators of the 14th of January, is at once a conclusive commentary on the just policy of Southern Europe, and a palpable condemnation of the past revolutionary conduct of England. During several years past the English press published daily articles from their correspondents at Naples, at Vienna, at Florence, at Paris, at Madrid and at Lisbon, in which articles (patronized by the successive Leaders of the Cabinets) the monarchs of Catholic Europe were branded as unendurable tyrants; their laws painted as the veriest despotism; their police represented as the degraded instruments of an infamous slavery; and the national press exhibited as the mercenary tool for the extinction of public liberty. Whoever wishes to consult the files of the *Times* will learn the facts here stated, and will agree with me that the millions of Englishmen who have daily read that journal, down from the Prime Minister to the village weaver, have all joined in the cry of the *Times*, maligning the thrones, believing the institutions, and slandering the religion of all Southern Europe. When one compares this editorial system in one end of Europe with the plan pursued by the same papers towards their northern neighbors; when we observe the praise bestowed on Denmark, Norway and Sweden; or notice, perchance, the total silence observed towards Prussia, Hanover and the German States, it is impossible to avoid arriving at the conviction that these English writers have been bribed, either by money or by an equivalent in Ministerial and popular patronage, to conceal the vicious policy of the North, and with equal injustice to belie the ancient and honored legislation of the South.

This is the peculiar art of English historians: they parade in public parchment laws of liberty, while concealing within the most grinding exclusion; they proclaim their Church as practising no exactions on the poor, while they wrench from the land the incredible revenues of eight and a half millions a year; they tell all mankind that English liberty is written on all the Institutions of the realm, while the motto on the Gates of Bandon is carved on every door in the empire. And when the inquirer will visit the Horse Guards, the naval colleges, the civil officers, the revenue departments, he will learn that all the exclusions, all the illiberality, all the bigotry of Catholic Europe combined in one arithmetical aggregate, does not equal in quality or in quantity the burning political, social, and religious sectarianism found even in any one English Government establishment. Like the artful cry of "Stop thief" raised by the street robber, in order to divert pursuit, and thus escape detection, this is the old, well-practiced scheme of the English historians; ever charging other nations with their own crimes, while they themselves rob the world in their policy, and pervert mankind by a spurious Gospel and a counterfeit religion. But the hour has arrived when this long deception has been detected, and when England shall retrace in disgrace and in weakness the perfidious course of her past conduct.

The late trial of the Italian assassins at Paris has developed a series of facts, and has brought before criminal observation a class of infamous wretches who were hitherto little known to the general English public. The civilized world now know the band of villains who long disturbed the laws of Naples and all Italy, who planned the death of Kings, and who sought the overthrow of religion. And the same civilized world can now understand the animus of the English press and the value of their statements, when heretofore they called Ferdinand a tyrant, his police an enslaved band of perjurers, and the national press the gagged tool of a servile despotism. The world now sees the wisdom of the Neapolitan Throne in reducing within the bounds of morality the fury of revolutionary publications, in crushing secret societies sworn to overturn the altar and the throne, and in banishing from the kingdom an association of murderers and assassins, nurtured in infidelity, hardened in perjury, and trained in the doctrine and practice of shedding innocent blood. Fortunately the escaped victim of these infamous men is the distinguished Emperor of France, whose name will spread this deed of blood through the present and the future generations: and equally favorable is it that the trial has taken place in the French capital, from whence the character of the whole case will spread in lightning flash to the remotest corner of the earth. Mankind will now ask is this the class of men who have been heretofore lauded by the English press for their undying patriotism! Is this the accredited band whose leaders dined with Minto in Rome! associated with Peel in Switzerland! received marks of State favor from Bulwer! were praised by Chevalier Bunsen! read addresses to Palmerston! and corresponded with Clarendon!—I can prove my statements. Was it for these men that ships of war were fitted up by the late Cabinet, commissioned to the Mediterranean, and ordered to sail *near the Bay of Naples*, in order to terrify King Ferdinand, and to espouse the cause of these admitted cutthroats! Was it for these assassins that Exeter Hall assembled, Shaftsbury declaimed, Spencer prayed, and Drummond spewed! Was it for these wretches that Roden journeyed to Florence; that soupers missioned in Pisa, that bibles were scattered in Tuscany, and the Irish Society maligned our creed in Connemara, in Kells, in Kilkenny, and in our own righteous Rat-row! All mankind now perfectly comprehends the character of the English national press, and of our foreign English Embassy; and thus the cause of truth, justice and religion has gained a triumph over English bigotry and Irish persecution, which the most sanguine amongst us could not have anticipated for a coming century. But London now, in place of being the focus (as English records would have it) of all political wisdom, finished morality and Christian perfection, is now stigmatized in all the foreign press, in all foreign senates, in all foreign society and in all our contemporaneous history, as the seat of ignorance, of immorality, of infidelity; the college where revolution and anarchy is preached; and the metropolis which all mankind have recently branded as the shelter of the infamous of all nations, and the very haunt of all foreign assassins. Let England henceforth struggle as she will, this brand will enter her flesh, shall mark her very bone, and shall, through the future generations, be written on the doors of her Senate House, on her cathedral, on her printing press, and on her national history, as long as the name of Napoleon, and the late attempt at assassination shall be remembered in Europe.

The humble writer of this article has often predicted from conclusive data the present condition of the English policy: a Captain Rockism, of which there is scarcely a parallel, has deranged every part of the British Empire; the cause of which may be expressed as derived from two sources—namely, "a bigoted church and a tyrannical *foreign* policy; "a persecuting creed and a colonial injustice." The mutiny in India, our quarrel with China; our fearful loss of the national blood; our enormous expenditure of money; our division at home; the present contempt of our name abroad; the subversion of the Gospel in all our dependencies, and the extermination and the banishment of the poor Irish, may be clearly traced to the two causes just referred to. And when Lord Derby will have compared the present with the past condition of England, he must declare, through his Chancellor and through his foreign secretaries, that England has lost more prestige, more character, more financial resources within the last twenty-five years, than she can re acquire in a century. Lord Palmerston has split on a rock of his own making; he has fallen by the mistake of his own policy; he has been caught in his own trap; he has been ousted from his position through the results of his own foreign machinations. How could he reply consistently to Walewski's despatch? how could he banish the men whom he so long encouraged and protected? how could he *unsay* the revolutionary doctrine which he so long promulgated through Europe? Walewski knew his man, and caught cleverly the old Propagandist; and his former favorite policy was the net which the Frenchman spread round the English statesman and rendered him powerless in one hour: like "the monarch eagle poised in the highest spiral of his lofty elevation, the arrow of the watchful hunter, guided by a feather from the eagle's own breast, speds its flight from below, pierces him on high, precipitates him from the dazzling eminence, and lays him sprawling and wounded on the plain." We in this country always knew the man; but his correspondents in Berne, in Naples, in Madrid, in Rome, in Vienna and throughout Hungary, will know him better in future, and will appreciate the just value of English sectarianism, both religious and political, ever again to rebel against their legitimate sovereigns, relying on what the whole foreign world as well as the Irish skinned peasantry now believe to be the innate character of English ministerial perfidy.

If Lord Derby will but do justice to Ireland in some essential questions he may reign for some months; an honest Tory is better than a deceitful Whig, through all past history. If the present premier will follow up against the revenues and the political character of the Church Establishment, the same career as when he reduced the bishoprics, as Lord Stanley; and if he aid in passing an equitable tenant right amongst us, in place of being deceived and gibed as Ireland has been by the late Cabinet, he will easily earn from the suffering Irish people a higher character for justice and toleration than can be bestowed on his predecessor.

D. W. C.

Thursday, March 4.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT TRAMORE.—This undertaking has progressed rapidly, and the committee and secretaries are indefatigable in their endeavors for its promotion. After expending some three or four thousand pounds they have still a large sum to their credit. Subscriptions have been received from America for this good work. It is highly satisfactory to know that up to the present, with the work so far advanced, and with such a balance on hands, all debts due by the committee have been paid. A raffle was held at Tramore for the benefit of the funds. The articles raffled for were two splendid paintings, one, the Crucifixion, the other, the Immaculate Conception, purchased in Paris by the Rev. N. Whelan, C. C., Tramore, and presented by that gentleman for the benefit of the new chapel. There was a full attendance on the part of the public, who evinced much interest in the proceedings. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. E. Wall, Mrs. Coghlan, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Power (Snowhill), Mrs J. Power, Mrs. Slaney, Mrs. Carrigan.. One prize was won by Mr. Gallway (a gentleman resident in Tramore) for Mrs. P. Graham, Kingston, and the other by Miss Hearn. The entire proceeds amounted to over £40.—*Waterford News.*

FORMATION OF A CHAPTER FOR THE DIOCESE OF CORK.—In pursuance of a rescript received from the Holy See, a solemn High Mass was celebrated in the North Chapel, preparatory to the appointment of a chapter for the direction of the spiritual affairs of the diocese of Cork. The attendance of the clergy of the diocese was very large, presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Delany. After the conclusion of the ceremony the clergy assembled in conference, at which the following appointments were made: The Very Rev. Dominick Murphy, dean; Very Rev, John M. B. O'Shea, archdeacon; Very Rev. John Falvery, precenter; Very Rev. John Kelleher, chancellor; Very Rev. George Sheehan, treasurer; Prebendaries—Very Rev. J. O'Brien, Kilbrogan; Rev. Maurice Walsh, Rev. James Daly, Drimoleague; Rev. Cornelius Corcoran, Rev. William O'Connor, Kilbritain; Rev. David Horgan, Kilnaglory; Rev. John Holland, Liscleary, Rev. John J. Murphy, Holy Trinity; Rev. P. Murphy, Caheloy; Rev. William O'Sullivan, St. Michael's; Rev. John Browne, Inniskenny; Rev. Daniel Foley, Kilnapigullane.—*Cork Examiner.*

MONUMENT TO THE REV. MR. MULLIGAN.—We are happy to learn that steps are, at length, taken for erecting a suitable monument to the memory of this most inestimable clergyman, and that an efficient and zealous committee has been formed for carrying out the project. The humbler classes of the people, to whom the deceased clergyman was a most sincere friend and practical benefactor, are exhibiting their appreciation of his services by contributing with a degree of liberality, we might say, far surpassing their means, and it is to be hoped, the more affluent of the community will not be apathetic in this work of love.—*Dublin Freeman.*

CATHOLIC DORMITORY.—The Brothers of this society beg to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of £1 from M. E. Corbally, Esq. M. P., and £1 from Mrs. Corbally of Corbalton Hall, county Meath, being their annual subscription towards the objects of the society.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—We have learned with much satisfaction that a community of this admirable Order is about being established in Callan, in this county, ample funds for the purpose having been contributed by a gentleman, a native of that town.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Connolly, the distinguished Bishop of St. John's, New Brunswick, now visiting Rome, has been named by his Holiness Prelate-Assistant to the Papal Throne, and has received other marks of special regard from the Pope.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea has appointed the Rev. Timothy Murray, late administrator of Skibbereen, to the parish of Rosscarbery, vacent by his own elevation to the ancient See of Ross; and the Rev. James Haynes, late C. C. of Rosscarbery, to the parish of Kilmeen, vacant by the demise of the Rev. Patrick Hartnett, P.P.; the Rev. R. Beausang, curate of Skibbereen, has been appointed administrator, and the Rev. John O'Brien, of Castletownsend, his curate; the Rev. Arthur O'Leary has been re appointed curate in Castletownsend, and the Rev. John Kelly, late curate of Aughadown, has been promoted to the curacy of Rosscarbery.—*Cork Examiner.*

Not France only, but all Christendom, has to mourn the death of one of our most illustrious ornaments of the Society of Jesus. Father de Ravignan is no more. For several weeks all hopes of his ultimate recovery had been abandoned, yet his friends were far from expecting so speedy a termination. The career of this great servant of God is, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers. The influence which his pure and lofty character, his great talents, his wonderful eloquence, and his heroic virtues, gave him over his countrymen will be missed and regretted.—*Dublin Tablet.*

The *Giornale di Roma*, mentioning the death of Cardinal Fieschi, states that his eminence was Prior-Commander at Rome of the Holy Military Order of Jerusalem. His illness was of very short duration. He was born at Genoa on the 7th of March, 1788, and was of the illustrious family of the Fieschi. It also notifies the death of Mgr. Girolamo Felici Angeli, supernumerary private chamberlain to his Holiness, who sunk under a sudden illness.

The Roman correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles*, writing from Rome on the 6th of Feburary, states that Cardinal Andrea was consecrated, in the Church of St. Andrea della Valls, Mgr. Papardo, as bishop *in partibus* of Sinope. The new bishop is named administrator of the diocese of Messina—the assistant bishops were Mgr. Falcinelli, Archbishop of Athens, Nuncio to the Brazils, and Mgr. Vitelleschi, Archbishop of Seleucia.

The number of Cardinals at the present time is sixty; two were created by Pope Leo XII., twenty-six by Pope Gregory XVI., thirty-two by Pope Pius IX. The Cardinal Dean is his Eminence Vincenzo Macchi, born the 31st of August, 1770; the youngest Cardinal Andrea, aged forty-six.

The Very Rev. Father Adeodaters de Perugis, of the Order of Capuchins, Vicar-General of the Agra Mission, and for thirty-five years Missionary of Lucknow, died in the 68th year of his age, and 52d of his religious profession, at Allabahad, on the 12th of December last.

The Right Rev. Doctor M'Nally, Bishop of Clogher, most thankfully acknowledges the receipt of one hundred pounds from Lord Rossmore, being his lordship's munificent donation towards the erection of the new cathedral in the town of Monaghan.

Telegraphic news from Rome of the 20th of February, in the *Univers*, mentions the death of Cardinal Savelli, as having occurred on the day previous. Four other cardinals, among whom is Cardinal Tosti, are seriously ill.

The *Weekly Register* announces the reception into the Roman Catholic Church of the Rev. Charles Fraser Litchfield, curate of Poplar, and Theological Associate of the King's College, London.

The *Giornale di Roma* announces that his Holiness has appointed Mgr. Lucien Bonaparte, already private chamberlain, as one of the Pontifical prelates.

The building of the new Catholic Church of Enniskerry, county of Wicklow, is to be commenced immediately.

Domestic.

CONFIRMATIONS.—On Sunday, 15th inst., at Charleston, S. C., the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch was consecrated Bishop of that diocese, by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, assisted by Bishops Portier of Mobile, Miles of Nashville, and Barry of Savannah. The Right Rev. Bishop McGill, of Richmond, preached a beautiful and appropriate sermon on the occasion. Bishop Neumann also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to sixty-four persons in Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia Herald and Visitor.*

ORDINATION.—Mr. C. J. Schraeder, a student of St. Charles' Seminary, who received tonsure and minor orders in December last, was raised to the dignity of the Priesthood, by the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese. Many clergymen and a large concourse of persons were present on the interesting occasion.—*Ibid.*

DEATH OF THE REV. FATHER HAND.—It is with sincere regret we notice the death of the beloved Parish Priest of Aylmer, the Rev. Father Hand. The Ottawa (Canada) *Tribune* says: "The deceased gentleman complained of slight indisposition, and was restless and uneasy the entire night. He was preparing to celebrate Mass, when, as supposed, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a few moments. May his soul rest in peace."

We regret to learn that Mother Catharine Spalding, for many years Superioress of the Sisters of Charity, of Nazareth, Ky., is dangerously ill at the Orphan Asylum, in Louisville. Her disease is bronchitis, contracted by getting her feet wet in visiting a poor family, during the late inclement weather.

A new paper, to be devoted to the interests of Catholicity, and entitled the *Monitor*, was to have been started in San Francisco, California. The Publishers are Marks, Thomas & Co. The subscription price will be $5 a year.

The vacant Sees have been all filled, with the exception of St. Paul, Minnesota.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

A Cossack's Fight with a Bear.—Atkinson, in his account of his travels in Oriental and Western Siberia, relates the following anecdote, which we publish, as a remarkable instance of the triumph of man's cool and steady courage over the dogged ferocity of a wild beast, aroused to the defence of her young. The hero of the adventure was a Cossack officer: "One afternoon he was quietly strolling through the forest, alone and unarmed, when he came out of the forest into an open glade on which stood some single trees. Almost immediately on entering this spot, he observed, at a distance of two hundred paces, a she-bear and her two cubs playing together. The moment she became aware of his presence she uttered a savage growl, drove her young ones into a tree for shelter, and mounted guard at the foot of it to defend them. The Cossack retreated into the wood to provide himself with a weapon, having determined to carry off the cubs. The woodmen had been cutting timber, and from the stems of several young birch-trees lying on the ground he selected part of a strong one, near four feet in length, tried its quality against a tree in a succession of smart blows, and then, club in hand, retraced his steps. As soon as the old bear observed his approach she began to growl furiously, moving to and fro, with an uneasy motion at the foot of the tree. He slowly and steadily advanced. When within about a hundred paces her growl became more savage, and her actions showed that she intended mischief. Nevertheless, he quietly moved on, his keen eye steadfastly fixed upon her. The ground was a fine grassy turf, with no shrubs or bushes to impede his movements or entangle his feet. When within about fifty paces she made a savage rush that would have daunted most men; but he firmly stood his ground, waiting her nearer approach. At this moment the cubs began to whine, and she trotted back toward the tree again in increased fury; the Cossack followed, and when she turned round they were standing face to face, within twenty paces of each other. There was now no retreat; the brute eyed him keenly for two or three minutes, as if calculating his strength, he returning her gaze with as searching a scrutiny. Presently she made a second rush, her eyes glaring like balls of fire. At a few paces from her enemy she rose on her hind legs, intending to give him a settler with her powerful paws or to clasp him in her savage embrace; but on the instant he made a sweep with his club, and dealt a blow that toppled her over. She was up again in a second and ready for action, but another blow laid her prostrate. This added to her ferocity, and it at once became a close encounter of the most deadly and savage character. Many rounds were fought, her antagonist keeping clear of her paws. At last the blows began to tell on her courage. She endeavored to get behind him, but his cudgel met her at every turn, and was so well wielded that whenever within reach she received a stroke which drove her back step by step, till both came under the tree. Here the fight was renewed with increased fury, and every time the cubs whined she made her attack with redoubled violence. The battle continued to rage furiously, but the blows from the staff fell so fast, and were applied with so much force, that at last she began a retreat toward the forest, the skirts of which she entered; but the moment her brave assailant moved a step toward the tree, she would rush out, taking especial care, however, not to come within his reach. The cubs remained in the branches, the sole spectators of this extraordinary scene; nor could the Cossack officer devise any plan by which he could get them down. At their respective posts the combatants stood, he guarding the cubs, and the mother growling at the edge of the forest. At this time a woodman rode into the glade. He was instantly hailed, and rode toward the tree; but when he heard the growls and beheld the bear, then in her most savage mood, his natural impulse to bolt was only checked by fear of a birching promised by his superior. He was ordered to dismount, and take from his saddle the *zumka* (large leathern bags) and open them, then to climb the tree and bring down the cubs. The man was soon up among the branches, secured a cub, brought it down, and then tied it safe in the bag; the other was also quickly placed beside it in the other bag. During these operations the mother rushed at the Cossack, and was several times knocked down by his weapon. The peasant was now ordered to place the bags on his horse and lead the way, the Cossack covering the retreat, and beating off the enemy at every charge. After a walk of nearly two hours they reached the village, the bear keeping close up with them. As they went through the forest she made many charges, but each time was laid prostrate, and finally would not approach within striking distance. When they reached the village the Cossack hoped to secure the dam, but after following them to the cottages she returned to the forest, and was never seen again. The cubs were kept, and became great pets with the people. Even the hardy hunters of Siberia consider this a most daring feat, wondering at the power, and admiring the cool courage of the man who accomplished it.

Mr. Deasy has given notice of the following motion in the House of Commons: "Roman Catholic Soldiers.—To call the attention of the House to the inexpediency and justice of making more adequate provision for the spiritual wants of her Majesty's Roman Catholic soldiers, and for the education of their children in Regimental and Government schools and orphanages in the United Kingdom and in India, without danger to their religious tenets"—(*After Easter.*)

Spollen and the Phrenologist.—In Bridges' forthcoming pamphlet, giving an account of his interview with Spollen, we find the following most remarkable passage: "I asked Spollen if he had seen the sketch of himself in the *Illustrated Times*, as he appeared in the Dublin Police Court. He had not seen it. I told him that the likeness of himself was good, and he could be readily known by it. Mrs. Bridges asked him if he would like to see it. 'Yes, ma'am, I should, very much.' I requested Mrs. Bridges to get it for him, which she at once did. Now, under the sketch of the portrait of Spollen, on the same page, there is a sketch of the cottage in which he lived, and also one of the room in which Mr. Little was murdered. Mrs. Bridges, before she showed Spollen the paper, doubled it, that he might not see Mr. Little's room. He looked upon the portrait of himself with calmness, and after a short time asked me if I thought it was a good likeness of him. I told him that I considered it good, and that it did the person who drew it credit. 'Oh, I now remember,' said he, 'that I saw a person on my right in the court sketching, and this must be the one.' After viewing the sketch of himself for some time he turned the paper, and his eye at once caught the sketch of the office of Mr. Little. He became transfixed. The color of his face changed into a green purple tint. His hands and body began to tremble violently. The most horrible terror was depicted in his face, and with a convulsive spring rushed from his seat, threw the paper from him, and turned away as from some horrible scene that was being perpetrated before him. He cried in the bitterest agony, with his face buried in his hands, and every part of his manhood unstrung. Mrs. Bridges and I sat looking on this dreadful scene. Spollen appeared to lose all sense of our presence, and in that state he remained for some time. When he did recover sufficiently to think of what he had been doing, he said, 'Oh, it was the sight of the cottage that affected me: once my happy home, where I have spent many pleasant hours in decorating it."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Assassination of General Kleber.—After the battle of Heliopolis, or the Pyramids, the French army seemed to be surrounded with the most brilliant circumstances. Kleber formed the Greeks and Copts into battalions, whom he trained to the use of arms, and clothed in the uniform of his country. But just as the superior abilities of this German commander had begun to unfold themselves, he was stabbed whilst walking on his terrace in Cairo, and his blood still marks the pailings against which he staggered. The assassination of an officer so generally beloved, so much respected and esteemed by all parties, enemies as well as friends, appears a mystery which time has not yet unravelled. His body was conveyed to France with the skeleton of the assassin. This wretched slave, Solyman el Aleppi, was empaled alive, and lived in that state for three days! Neither in the cutting off his hand, nor the dreadful operation which humanity and manhood revolt at, did he betray the least fear; his only cry was for water, and occasionally a bitter curse against those who had persuaded him into a confession under the promise of a pardon. It has been supposed that Kleber's assassination resulted from the private revenge of some of the principal inhabitants, in consequence of some recent punishments he had felt it his duty to inflict.—*Denon.*

A Hint to Tourists.—In discussing the changes in the Passport System which the French police have adopted with the view of guarding, if they can, against a repetition of the late diabolical attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon, the London *Times* says: "A belief is, we fancy, gradually gaining ground among our countrymen—and certainly it is a very wise belief—that in our own lakes, and rivers, and mountains and coast scenery we have natural sights as beautiful as any which can be enjoyed on the Continent of Europe. The Scotch and Welsh highlands, the western coast of Ireland, the lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Kerry, are just as fine in their way as anything upon the mainland of Europe. Now that the Leviathan is afloat, and the system of railroads well organized in the States, any Englishman with six weeks on his hands will find it better worth his while to take a run over the Union than to repeat the weary round of Continental hotels, with the addition of the petty annoyances of Passports. The evil, however, of which we are speaking, will work its own cure. There is fashion about such things, and if we are not much mistaken there is a very great change perceptible in the manner in which Continental travel is discussed within our own memory."

Will of a Millionaire.—The *Banffshire Journal* says: "The will of the late Mr. Morrison, some time M.P. for the Inverness Burghs, has just been administered to in Doctor's Commons—it is among the longest upon record. The estate, exceeding four millions, is in such cases sworn to as of upper value. Basilton Park cost £126,000; the furniture there alone has been valued at £90,000. This mansion is to be the residence of his widow, with an annuity of £10,000 a year. The estate of Basilton is left to his son, Charles, as well as the Islay estate, in Scotland, which latter cost £452,000, and, from its extent and vastness, may be termed a principality, the owner being there styled a laird. This is let to numerous tenants. This Charles is also bequeathed a round sum of one million under the will. Mr. Morrison was possessed of Fonthill Abbey, Hove Park, Sussex; a town residence, Upper Harley street; shares amounting to £80,000 in the Victoria Docks, and vast acquisitions in America."

Fletcher of Saltown and the East Lothian Witch.—In one of the years of famine which distressed Scotland towards the close of the last century, a poor widow in East Lothian, who had a numerous family, was committed to prison on suspicion of witchcraft. There was no other ground of suspicion but that, while all her neighbors round were emaciated with hunger, she and her children were in good ease. Upon her commitment she was tortured, as persons accused of that crime generally were; and confessed her having been at many meetings with the devil, and other absurdities. The celebrated Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun, hearing of this, repaired to the jail where she was and told her that he was certain her pretended confession was all fiction; and assured her, if she would acknowledge it to be so, he would procure her release. The woman, however, persisted in accusing herself of impossibilities. Mr. Fletcher replied that it was in vain for her to attempt deceiving him; that he was fixed in his belief all such accusations were ridiculous; and that he was convinced her confession proceeded from a persuasion that, though she should be acquitted, yet she would never after live at home with credit or peace, and was, therefore, weary of life; but he again assured her that if she would retract, and tell him the truth, he would not only obtain her liberty, but provide for her in another part of the country. This made an impression upon her; and she declared that her confession was all a fiction, proceeding from the motive he had guessed; and that the good condition of her and her children was owing to their feeding on snails, of which she said he might be satisfied by examining her house, where he would find several barrels filled with them. Mr. Fletcher had the curiosity to search her house, and found a great quantity of snails stored up accordingly. Upon which he not only got her dismissed from prison, but settled her comfortably in another county.

Antiquity of Cheese.—Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brother fared. "Cheese of kine" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim during the rebellion of Absolom. Homer says that cheese formed part of the ample stores found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclop Polyphemus. Euripides, Theocritus, and other early poets mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians; and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese. There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese; they appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the caseous part of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when too young to carry arms, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves, and an ephah of parched corn, the cheeses must have been very small.

A Good Story.—A good story is told of Sir William Ingleby, a Yorkshire baronet. It was his habit to pay his own bills, periodically, and in person. On one occasion he repaired to one of the houses with which he dealt, in the neighboring county town, for this purpose. The proprietor was a new comer, and did not know Sir William; but hearing him say that he had come to pay Sir William Ingleby's bill, he took the Baronet for the Baronet's butler, and invited him into his parlor. Such a mistake was the greatest joke possible to Sir William, who sat down with his grocer, smoked his tobacco, drank brandy and water with him, answered all his questions as to the comfortable place he had got, and the time he had been there, man and boy, and finally took butler's discount upon his own bill—as no one had a better right to do! It was only when he drew a check that the grocer saw his error, and rose to vehemently apologize. "Sit down, man!" cried jolly Sir William, "your tobacco is good, and your brandy is better; let us have some more of each, and part friends."

The Two Woodcutters.—Napoleon, one day hunting in the forest of Fontainbleau, alighted from his horse, and walked, accompanied by Caulaincourt. He met two woodcutters, who, fatigued with work, were sitting on the trunk of a tree. Both of them had served in the campaign of Egypt. One of them recognized the Emperor, and rose instantly. Caulaincourt desired the other to rise also. "No," said Napoleon, "don't you see he is fatigued?" He then made the one who was standing resume his seat, and sat down with them himself on the same trunk. Here he conversed with them on the Egyptian expedition, and of their private affairs; and having learned that one of them had not obtained his pension on quitting the service, he ordered it to be granted to him, with the arrears, and gave six napoleons to both on leaving them.

The *Gazetta Popolare* of Cagliari announces the arrest of the oldest bandit of the island, named Meluddu. He had been the terror of the district of Orosei since 1829, and had, up to this time, defied every attempt to arrest him, he having chosen one of the most inaccessible mountains of Sardinia, called De Su Angiu, for his stronghold. He was at length arrested on the 28th ult., about midnight, by a party of carbineers, who had the boldness to venture among the precipices of the mountain in question in utter darkness, the rocks and paths being slippery with frost. Meluddu has many murders and other crimes to answer for.

How to Foster a Talent for Drawing.—If a child has a talent for drawing, it will be continually scrawling on what paper it can get; and should be allowed to scrawl at its own free will, due praise being given for every appearance of care or truth in its efforts. It should be allowed to amuse itself with cheap colors almost as soon as it has sense enough to wish for them. If it merely daubs the paper with shapeless stains, the color-box may be taken away till it knows better; but, as soon as it begins to paint red coats on soldiers, striped flags to ships, &c., it should have colors at command; and without restraining its choice of subject in that imaginative and historical art of a military tendency, which children delight in (generally quite as valuable, by the way, as any historical art delighted in by their elders), it should be gently led by the parents to draw, in such childish fashion as may be, the things it can see and likes—birds, or butterflies, or flowers, or fruit. In later years, the indulgence of using the color should only be granted, as a reward, after it has shown care and progress in its drawings with pencil.—*Ruskin's Elements of Drawing.*

The Hyena's Skin.—Among the wild animals infesting the neighborhood of Visiapoor, are numberless hyenas, and Mr. D'Ewes witnessed a curious proof of the toughness of that animal's hide. A hyena had been seen to enter a hole in some ruins, and a shikaree volunteered for a trifling recompense to either catch the beast, or cause it to bolt from its lair, as we pleased. He commenced operations by making a second opening in the earth, whence a low growl was heard, and a large dummel gundy made his appearance at the mouth of the hole, from which he had no sooner projected half the length of his body than several spears were thrown or poked at him, but which, although sharp as penknives, bounded off his hide like a racket-ball, and had only the effect of accelerating his pace when he emerged into daylight. The author on another occasion planted a hog-spear, sharpened to the finest edge, right between the shoulders of one he had ridden down on the plains near Jaulnah, without being able to pierce the impenetrable hide, and was glad, after the experiment, to make off himself.—*Sporting in both Hemispheres.*

A Fatal Hoax.—A Sheffield paper contains the following: "A singular circumstance happened at our union last week. For some misconduct the master had put a boy for punishment into the deadhouse. At that time there was a corpse in the "dead ward," in a coffin. The boy took the corpse out of the coffin, dressed it in his own clothes, propped it up against the wall, and then himself got into the coffin, lay down, and covered himself over. In the course of a short time the master came, looked in at the door, and saw, as he thought, a sulky lad standing against the wall. "Now," said the master, "do you want any supper?" There was no answer. The question was repeated with the same result. The boy looked out from the coffin and said, 'If he won't have any I will.' The master fled under terror, and received such a shock that it is said he has since died from the effects."

The Influence of Music on the Kaffirs.—While we were conferring with Umbella my wife, surrounded by Kaffir women and children, went into the chapel; and, bidding them sit down quietly, she played solemn tunes on the harmonium we had brought with us, they sitting like things entranced with earnest faces, and motionless limbs, evidently showing that sacred music might become a powerful instrument in influencing and softening them. I heard afterwards that one Kaffir said, "Where there was music there could be no war;" and another listening one Sunday outside the chapel thought that "Heaven must be there;" and another, a very bad fellow, said that he "could have almost cried."—*Porter's Memoirs.*

It is not generally known that the Emperor of Russia, immediately after the evacuation of the Crimea by the Allied troops, directed an elaborate ground plan, upon a large scale, to be made of all the localities which had been used by them as cemeteries. This plan was prepared with the utmost care by Russian officers of engineers, and accompanied by an album, in which the inscription on every grave was entered at full length, with reference to the plan. At the same time, the Emperor issued an ukase that no grave should be interfered with. This was particularly necessary, as some of the spots selected for interment were in the heart of valuable vineyards. This ukase had been strictly complied with down to the time when our informant visited the Crimea, where the plan and album we have referred to were exhibited to him by the officers who had prepared them; and we have no doubt the same generous feeling which dictated the formation of so effectual a check upon any desecration of these burial-grounds will take every precaution for their future protection.—*Literary Gazette.*

Balzac used to lie excessively. One day he was walking along the Boulevard Montmartre, with two servant girls on his arms, when he came across two of his friends—Hetzel and Laurent. He quitted the women precipitately, and, running to his friends, said to them, in a low tone—"Don't recognize me; I am with two archduchesses who have come to Paris in disguise, and whom Metternich has asked me to show the capital to. Hush!" And with a mysterious sign he disappeared. "What a liar!" said Hetzel. "What the devil did he leave his women for?" "Simply," replied the other, "to tell them that we are two princes of the blood, his intimate friends."

HOME MISCELLANY.

THE NEW CANADIAN REGIMENT.—The proposed plan for the embodiment of a new Canadian regiment, to be employed in the service of England, finds but slender appreciation throughout the colonies. A correspondent of the *New Era* (Montreal) sends that paper the subjoined communication in relation to the matter. He says: "Sir—I see by advertisement in the papers that depots have been opened in this city for the purpose of enlisting men for the '100th, or Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment;' and 'young men of *intelligence* are requested to consider the *advantages* arising from their joining it.' Now, is the Imperial Government in earnest? Does it really think that any sane man in 'this Canada' will throw away the prime of his life, and submit to be lorded over by *Chaw-les* and *Fwed-wick?*—Guess not! Any military system attempted in this country must have for its basis promotion by merit—*only*. The young men of Canada are too Democratic in their ideas for any other. Again: 'Subordinate situations in the army are equal in means, &c., to many stations in commercial life.' It is not true;—for that commercial position must be poor indeed which is not better than a 'subordinate one in the army.' The recruiting notice holds out the further inducements of 'a prospective competency in old age, and the probability of obtaining the highest grade.' Now, how can the miserable pittance allowed to the great majority of discharged soldiers be called 'a competency?' And what probability is there of a private rising to the '*highest grade?*' Not one in ten thousand. Besides, we happen to recollect a thing or two. During the late Crimean war, the offer of the Canadian Government to raise troops was treated by the Imperial authorities with silent contempt; as was also the volunteered aid of our gallant militia companies. And now it would be mean, to the last degree, for any spirited Canadian to take notice of their paltry overtures. The *Mother Country has* rejected the services of Canada—let her do without them now."

PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.—Senator Noxon has introduced a bill into the Legislature of this State, securing to married women the right to dispose of their property by will, and also a bill to make a husband the ultimate heir of his deceased wife, and *vice versa*. The bills comprehend the following sections: The power of a married woman to dispose of her property by will, extends to such property as she owned before, as well as to that which she has acquired since the passage of the acts of 1848 and 1849, "for the more effectual protection of the property of married women;" but such will shall not be valid, so far as it may prejudice the marital rights of the husband acquired prior to the passing of said acts. In case of the death of any married man intestate, and leaving no heirs capable under the laws of this State of inheriting his property, his widow, if entitled to inherit property, shall be deemed his ultimate heir, and entitled to inherit his real and personal estate. In case of the death of any married woman intestate, leaving separate property without heirs capable of inheriting the same, her husband, if capable of taking property by inheritance, shall be deemed her ultimate heir, and entitled to inherit her real and personal property.

"BRASS KNUCKLES."—Gen. Duryea, of the N. Y. Assembly, has introduced a bill to prohibit the manufacture, sale and possession of the brutal and murderous weapon, recently come into general use, and known as "brass knuckles." This is a murderous weapon of brass and iron, formed with four holes through which the fingers of the hand are passed, and a smooth shoulder which rests on the lower part of the palm of the hand. When the fist is closed upon it, it projects with an arch over the fingers, between the knuckles and the lower joints, and thus forms a most effective weapon with which to strike a blow. It is even more murderous when used by a powerful man, than is a slung-shot, and will fell a man as certainly and almost as fatally as the pole-axe of the butcher will bring down an ox. Gen. Duryea's bill provides that any person who shall make, sell or have in his possession any such weapon, or any metallic instrument with which to cover the hand or knuckles for the purpose of striking therewith, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be imprisoned for not less than six months nor more than one year, and fined a sum of not exceeding one thousand dollars.

A GOOD BOY.—A lad named O'Brien, who obtains a livelihood by peddling apples on the Elyria cars, found, a few days since, a package of $5,500 in bank notes, which had been lost in the cars by a Mr. Bishop, who had brought the money from Cleveland for Mr. H. E. Mussey, of Elyria. The lad was so elated at his good fortune that he took the money to bed with him and sat up all night watching it. Next day it was given to Mr. Mussey, when the lad was rewarded with a suit of clothes and a deed of 160 acres of land. We understand that Mr. Mussey also offered to give the boy a thorough business education, but the father declined for the present, as he did not wish to part with him.—*Troy Budget.*

STRANGE HABITS.—A correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Press* mentions the case of a man named Ittal Curtiss, of Bristol, who for the last forty years has slept and ate his morning meal in barns in the neighborhood, declining all invitations, even in the coldest weather, to do otherwise. He died recently, leaving a fair property. An instance is mentioned in the Stamford *Advocate* of a man who, during the cold winter months, would remain dormant for weeks at a time.

FIRE! FIRE!—The Spartans and some other ancient nations exposed their children in tender infancy, to harden them and inure them to privation. The Americans—or that tribe of them known as New Yorkers—try their children with fire. During the year they have burned several school-houses and children, and lately one teacher, doubtless with the best possible results. Furnaces, flues, and stove-pipes are provided, which are sure, in due season, to kindle the buildings, and illuminate the papers with most striking headings. The buildings themselves are apparently constructed like cages; and when the alarm is given, no foolish scholar need hope to escape the ordeal. Now in a republic the public business is every body's business. But there is an old proverb about every body's business being nobody's. The Swiss used to pride themselves upon their fine roads and their poor houses, and, so far, they disproved the justice of the proverb. How would it answer for the New Yorkers to imitate the Swiss, so far, at least, as to have sumptuous palaces and *pretty safe* school-houses?—*Harper's Weekly.*

CONTROLLING HER TEMPER.—The husband of a lady of fiery temper says that before their marriage he was warned of her fiery disposition, and to test the accuracy of the information, one evening, as he sat next to her at dinner, he managed cleverly to jog the servant's elbow, as a plate of mock turtle was offered her, which of course was upset over the young lady's white dress of tulle lace. No complaint, not even a frown, being evinced, the delighted suitor concluded that what he had heard was a mistake, and the marriage took place; but soon the lady's real character displayed itself, as is always the case after marriage, but never before, and his wife, like a human Stromboli, was subject to fiery eruptions every ten minutes upon an average. "How is it, my dear," said the *happy* husband, "that having such a bad temper, you stood the ordeal by soup so well?" "Why," answered the lady, "I may have appeared indifferent at the time, but, good heavens! you should have only gone into my room a little while afterwards and seen the marks of my teeth on the bed-post!"

READING ALOUD.—There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. Indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, gutteral notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read: one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another choaks, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way in which he said Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a bread wheel wagon; and another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—Many pedestrians were shocked while others were highly amused by the appearance in some of our principal streets on an afternoon recently of a very singular sight—the creature of an eccentric and independent individual. It consisted of a handsome and well-dressed young lady, and equally aristocratic looking gentleman, who were riding (through Washington street at the time we saw them) in a mammoth sugar-box, being fastened to a shabby-looking pair of runners, and drawn by a specimen of equine flesh that had seen rough service and a great many winters. But that which attracted the greatest attention were the words "Hard Times," which in a most unartistic manner had been placed with black paint upon each side of the *sleigh*. Everybody stopped, looked round and laughed, but the gentleman and his fair companion rode on in their close quarters with perfect unconcern. At some points they were greeted with cheers.—*Boston Post.*

THE CANCEMI CASE.—Francis W. Wolfe, who was a witness, though not an important one, in the Cancemi case, died suddenly at his residence, corner of Bowery and Stanton street. Since the last trial of Cancemi, Wolfe had been much troubled in his mind, and could not bear to hear the name of Cancemi mentioned. He was formerly on the police but resigned, and went to his trade of bookbinder. On Friday, 12th inst., he worked all day, went home at night, and not feeling well, lay down without eating his supper. Shortly afterward his wife discovered that he was very ill. In two hours he died. The physician gave a certificate that he died of prostration of the nervous system and congestion of the brain. He was 52 years of age. He is the second witness on the part of the people against Cancemi, who has died within a few weeks. The first was Underhill, in whose arms the unfortunate Anderson expired.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATORS.—The Harrisburgh papers publish the following summary of the occupations of the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature. In the Senate it will be seen that the lawyers preponderate, and in the House the farmers. In the whole body of 133 men there are only three that aspire to the distinctive appellation of "gentlemen," by which they probably do not intend anything invidious towards the respectable company of farmers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, editors, cordwainers, tanners, tinners, &c., associated with them in the legislative halls.

FOURTEEN CHILDREN AT A WEDDING.—The Charleston *Mercury* has the following: "An interesting wedding took place a few days since between a Mr. Henry B. Melville and Mrs. Sarah K. Seymour. The parents have both been married before, and each have a family of seven children—those of the gentleman comprising six; daughters and a son, and those of the lady six sons and a daughter. The sons acted on the occasion as groomsmen to their future father, and the daughters as bridesmaids to their future mother. The whole fourteen children dressed alike, according to their sex, entered the church arm in arm, and ranged themselves on either side of their parents, who are both remarkably handsome and looked superb. The bride is wealthy, and was dressed in a pearl-colored moire antique, with costly laces and diamond brooch and bracelet.

A GREAT PEDESTRIAN.—The Houston (Texas) *Republic* gives the following notice of a persevering pedestrian: "We have met an individual who had travelled on foot from Montreal, Canada, to Houston, Texas, a distance of perhaps 2,500 miles. In most cases he journeyed along the banks of rivers, and when he crossed from Louisana to Texas he found the prairie covered with water between the line and the town of Liberty. He had served in Sir Lacy Evans' Brigade in Spain, during the war between Don Carlos and Queen Isabella. He was accustomed to carry a knapsack, and preferred travelling on foot to any other way."

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.—The Camden (N. J.) *Journal* says: "We have in our office two singularly constructed swords, which bear evident marks of having seen hard usage in the Revolutionary War. One is said to have been taken from Count Donop at Red Bank, by General Greene, and the other to have belonged to one of the men engaged in taking up the bridge across Cooper's Creek, when the British fired on them. They are absolute curiosities in their way."

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A wood pile belonging to Mr. Johnson of Ellsville, Ill., was recently discovered to be on fire. The fire was extinguished. A short time after, a daughter of Mr. Johnson, four years old, was missing. In searching for her, one of her feet was discovered under the wood pile. On throwing off the wood, she was found burned to death. It is supposed that she was playing with matches, and the wood fell upon her and became ignited with the matches.

A GOVERNOR RESIGNED.—A Choctaw newspaper mentions the resignation of Alfred Wade, as Governor of the Choctaw nation. The reason assigned for this course is continued ill-health. The Hon. Dandy Walker, President of the Senate, succeeds to the office of Governor for the expiration of the term of Gov. Wade—such being a provision of the Choctaw constitution. He has held the chief executive office of the nation for twenty years, without interruption.

A WEALTHY BEGGAR.—A German woman at Elizabeth, who has for years subsisted upon the private charity of the public, which she gained by her squalid poverty and apparent necessities, recently died, and on examination into her effects, there was found among them $10,000 or $12,000 in excellent bonds and mortgages upon the best of property. Leaving no heirs, the money will revert to the city in which she lived.

"LOOK AND SEE."—As a gentleman was recently passing over Charlestown bridge, at the dead hour of night, he was accosted by two villainous individuals, who inquired the hour of the night. The gentleman quietly stepped under the light of one of the lamps, and drawing a revolver, cocking it, and aiming it at the men, he drew a valuable gold chronometer, and holding it directly over the muzzle of the pistol, replied, "Look and see!"—*Boston Traveller.*

ENLISTMENT.—Capt. Clark, of the Yorkville Cavalry, has succeeded in enlisting already 76 men out of the 80 which entitles him to the Captaincy in the Prince of Wales. A friend represents them as the greatest pack of rapscallions and tatterdemallions in the country. We hope the police reports will be more scanty after the riddance.—*Toronto Mirror.*

A VILLAGE FOR SALE.—The Sheriff advertises for sale the entire village of Malaga, in New Jersey, 30 miles below Philadelphia. It consists of more than 5,000 acres of land, with glass works, mills, and forty dwelling-houses. The village exhibits a scene of destitution and abandonment, so complete and thorough as to be rarely exceeded.

A desperado named Hall, in the Illinois Penitentiary at Alton, on the 8th inst., watching his opportunity, knocked down Mr. Crabb, the guard, bound him to the cell-door, and drawing a large knife, threatened to kill him, unless he was allowed his liberty, besides being furnished with a revolver and $100 in money. Efforts were made by the wardens and guards to shoot Hall through the hole in the door, but he secured himself behind the body of Crabb, whom he would occasionally prick with his knife. At nine o'clock the next morring, while the criminal cautiously opened the door to reach his breakfast, the warden succeeded in inserting a crowbar, and called upon Crabb to fight his way out. This, however, was not effected, until he had received nine wounds, some of them probably fatal. Hall then barred himself inside, but was finally shot, the ball penetrating his skull just below the left ear.

A Washington letter says that the bar of one of the fashionable hotels of that city has taken $21,000 for drinks in the last fourteen months. During several of these months the city was comparatively tenantless.

Some of the Georgia papers are recommending that all the Southern States pass the same law that Louisiana has recently passed—namely, that all free persons of color found in the State after a date specified shall be sold into slavery. We incline to think the recommendation will be adopted; and that not long hence we shall witness such an avalanche of negroes in this direction as will satisfy the cravings of the most radical amalgamationist. But will the North, with all its affection for the colored race, consent to receive these overflowings of the South. It will be recollected that several of the Western States already prohibit free negroes from settling within their borders, and that in nearly all they are excluded from the privileges pertaining to citizenship. In Kansas the Free State party itself, in adopting the Topeka Constitution, declared that it would not tolerate their presence; and in Pennsylvania, we notice, petitions are extensively circulated and signed, asking the Legislature for a law prohibiting them from coming into the State. If this work goes on, may we not look for such a *sprinkling* of African blood in New England as will prove unpleasant even to Black Republicans themselves?—*Providence Post.*

We are sometimes asked why we do not notice certain public lectures. Our answer is that if an editorial notice is not worth a *free ticket* the lecture is not worth a *free notice.* So many of the lectures delivered are the merest wash—a mere decoction of calves' brains—that we feel gratified oftentimes in being slighted as it relieves us of the disagreeable labor of either praising what is not praiseworthy, or of displeasing friends by speaking our honest convictions of truth. It will be seen therefore that we do not object to be passed over in the free-ticket list, as thereby we save ourselves much unpleasant labor.—*People's Organ,* (Bath, Me.)

Whilst the choppers in Hawley & Dickenson's woods, beyond the Cemetery towards Lee Line in this town, were felling trees on Friday, a bird's nest fell from one of the trees, in which was a young bird but a few weeks old. The bird was alive when found, but froze to death soon after. There are in the woods plenty of old birds flying around. A bird hatched in mid-winter, in the northern clime, is an occurrence so unusual that this is the first instance of the kind which ever came to our knowledge. —*Rome Daily Sentinel.*

We very much regret to state, says the Cincinnati *Commercial,* that the majority of horticulturists in this region are deploring the sad calamity that has befallen the peach crop. We are informed that the last warm spell, succeeded by sharp frosty weather, killed a large portion of the buds of the orchards hereabouts. We have met several fruit raisers, however, who express a hope that the orchards have partially escaped.

A recent measurement of the Black Mountain, lying in Buncombe and Yancey counties, North Carolina, finds it to be 6,711 feet above tide. This is found to be the highest mountain in the Union east of the Rocky Mountains, overlooking the White Mountains in New Hampshire, which have heretofore been considered the highest.

The Cleveland *Register* makes the following good hit: "Whether Queen Victoria's red petticoats will become a fashion in America is yet to be known. It is certain, however, that the attempts of some of her male predecessors to introduce their *red coats* into the country did not succeed."

In a back township of Upper Canada, a magistrate, who kept a tavern, sold liquor to the people till they got drunk and fought in his house. He then issued a warrant, apprehended them, and tried them on the spot, and besides fining them, made them treat each other to make up the quarrel.

It was handsomely remarked by Mr. Toombs, in his recent speech upon the army bill, that "Experience and history for forty centuries have demonstrated that *order maintained by regular soldiers is despotism,* and that peace only thus maintained is the cemetery of liberty.

A bill has passed the Iowa Legislature, prohibiting marriage within certain degrees of consanguinity. Heretofore there has been no law in that State that would prevent marriage between brother and sister, or others near of kin.

German immigrants continue to settle on the spare lands in the less populated parts of southern Chili. They are liberally assisted on their arrival by the Government.

The Legislature of Texas adjourned on the 17th of February. There was no money in the treasury, and creditors were compelled to take warrants which were at five per cent. discount.

H. G. Worthington, Esq., agent of J. C. Fremont, has commenced a suit of ejectment in Mariposa against 700 and odd persons residing on the Fremont claim.

Miss Lane, President Buchanan's niece, has just been presented with a magnificent sewing machine, worth five hundred dollars.

The Boston *Courier* states that: "One or two specimens of the red petticoat have made their appearance in the streets."

Congress has passed, during the three months of its session, only five public acts and two joint resolutions.

The Legislature of Virginia has voted a gold medal to the widow of Commander Herndon.

There are fourteen hundred banks in the United States.

The New York *Churchman* is to be published as a daily paper.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the early hour at which we find ourselves compelled to go to press, we are obliged to withhold the Saint Patrick's Day celebrations in different cities throughout the United States and Canada. We shall, however, pay partticular attention to this matter in our issue of next week.

Correspondents are requested to send in their communications by Saturday of each week, in order to insure their insertion the week following.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, '58.

THE SUFFERERS IN DONEGAL.

A GREAT opportunity for doing a good deed was lost on our Patron Saint's Anniversary. While we were all together on that day and evening, talking loudly and lengthily of our love of religion and race, thousands of that race and religion were wasting away on the bleak shores of Donegal. To have helped these creatures out of our fullness—to have extended our purses, together with our rhetoric, across the channel—were a work which would have pleased the spiritual father of the Irish more than all our banners, music, dinners, and orations.

But it is yet time. If we cannot do so much as on that occasion, we can do something. If the fervor of that day has given place to the common current of feeling, the sentiment of charity is as strong as ever.

The sufferers by landlord persecution in Donegal deserve, in a particular manner, practical sympathy from the Irish in America. They have fought for subsistence against the niggard nature of their soil with heroic perseverance, and are the latest martyrs of an infamous system. The amelioration of condition, which has fallen to the lot of the industrial class in the most prosperous portions of the island, has been denied to them. "High prices" they could not take advantage of, for they had nothing to sell. Their little farms were barely sufficient to supply them with food, and the rent eat up whatever stock they could raise on the mountains. Now that the grasping selfishness of the landlords has extended from the rich soils to the poorest, and even the heather of the hills is declared sacred to Scotch sheep, the poor peasants of Northern Donegal are forced to watch the tides instead of the seasons, and to scrape from rocks the means of sustaining life which their fathers' fields deny them. No one who has read the heart-touching appeal of their pastors, published in the TABLET two weeks since, needs to be told their sufferings. Extinction, inevitable extinction, is before them, if their co-religionists fail them. Scotch hoggets shall browse where once they were, and "Civilization" shall clap its hands at another victory over the "ancient Irish."

In 1847, when the *Jamestown* and *Macedonian* bore in their deep holds hope and help to Ireland, they met vessels freighted with Irish produce to the gunwales carrying away the people's substance from the mouths which gaped for it. A mere striking example of English misgovernment was never taught to strangers. Nor is '58 without its lesson. While the Dublin press was scattering the Appeal of the nine priests on behalf of the poor of Donegal over the world, £14,000 were despached to aid the sufferers—in India. 14,000 pounds! enough to save all the families of Donegal—to purchase them homes where no rack-renter might enter—to give a new lease of life to thousands of the most laborious and virtuous peasants on the globe. Poor peasants! *they* may suffer, but English officials in Hindostan must be fed on rich things! The inoffensive Celt may pine and die on his own soil, but no English stomach may lack for a meal in a land driven to desperation by English avarice! Here is philanthropy with a vengeance. God pardon every man who has had act or part in it.

It is not alone to their countrymen that the poor of Donegal might appeal. No American with a heart could deny them assistance. Few, if any, of the thirty-two counties has done more than theirs in contributing chivalrous souls and high reputations to America. As early as 1730 it gave its name and a hardy body of settlers to a township in Pennsylvania. When the British were beaten back to Boston, at the opening of the Revolution, a Donegal man saved the town records of Concord, and performed good work in the subsequent war. Another, issued the first daily paper published on the continent; was printer to the Convention of '74; to the first Congres; and was the first who put the august Declaration of Independence into print. Another, Patrick Calhoun, contributed in the person of his son, John C. Calhoun, one of the ablest statesmen of whom we can boast. And, but yesterday, a Donegal boy, having grown in years, and developed his genius approving himself the best of American sculptors, died at Rome, leaving a legacy of Art such as Edward Everett was not loath to acknowledge by an apostrophe which will preserve forever the name of Crawford in affectionate remembrance, even if the sculptor's works were as mutable as the body of their author. These are a few of the recollections inspired by the mention of Donegal; and no true American can learn with indifference that thousands of its population are to-day without proper food, clothing, or shelter.

But the highest duty of assisting them devolves on their exiled countrymen. Similarity of race and religion confers as many obligations as gratitude. Are we prepared, without an effort to see them famished, starved, killed by inches? We cannot, perhaps, change their destiny, but we *can* prolong their lives. Shall we essay to do it?

THE SUEZ CANAL.—Vienna papers state that the consent of England to the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez having been made dependent on the cession by Turkey to England of the Island of Perim, Austria has offered her good offices to bring about that cession in consideration of a sum of money which England shall pay to the Sultan, and that this object would already have been accomplished but for the resistance offered by the French Ambassador.

— France naturally objects to England's desire to acquire the island of Perim, but is no less interested than heretofore in effecting the opening of the Canal. Her policy, at present, is supreme in the East; and another year may not pass before the project seriously contemplated 600 years before the Incarnation by Pharo-Hophra, and in part carried out by Ptolmey Philadelphus, shall have been commenced in earnest.

THE CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

OUR national festival having passed off, we can appropriately spend a few minutes in commenting on the manner in which it was celebrated in this city.

There was no disturbance. Notwithstanding the immense bodies of adults abroad, the day was pre-eminently peaceful. Stepping behind banners, or clinking glasses at the social board, the Irish of New York, on Wednesday week last, showed that they can meet and enjoy themselves without injury to their own characters or the quiet of others. This is the first creditable fact.

There was very little private, and no public instance of drunkenness. In the Procession, numbering 8,000 men, every one was perfectly self-possessed. Throughout the city, the same absence of inebriates characterized the day. The night rolled over no more "staggerers" than ordinary nights. The Police Reports of the following morning were no bigger than usual. This is the second creditable fact.

The entertainments in the evening, with one solitary exception, were marked by good taste and a due regard to the special character of the occasion. The exception was that of the association with an Irish name which met at the Metropolitan, and concluded, in the words of a member, that "St. Patrick was a good sort of a fellow!" The "Young Friends" were not called upon to listen to jokes like this. They wisely determined to invite no loose-habited gentlemen to their table, and were imitated by the St. Patrick's Society, of Brooklyn. In neither of these bodies was one partizan word of politics spoken—one familiarity with sacred things attempted—the managers wisely considering that courtesy does not imply license to the ill-mannered, or immunity to the skeptic and buffoon. This is the third creditable fact, and discloses an improvement for the better in the general manner of honoring our Patron.

We cannot close without referring again to the gathering at the Metropolitan. It was essentially *un*-Irish. There were many with Irish names there, but not one with an Irish heart, or Mr. Hoxie would have been brought to order by a rebuff.

In view of the constant recurrence of obnoxious references in this Society's meetings, we sincerely hope it will either change its name, improve its manners, or die out. The last is, perhaps, the fittest fate that could befall it. It has sinned too grievously against the decencies of Catholic sentiment to perform adequate penance in this life.

A CATHOLIC CENSUS.

ONE of the many wants felt by Catholic writers in dealing with subjects incidental to their calling is an accurate knowledge of the number of their co-religionists. By some strange perversity of fortune we have succeeded in frightening this portion of the continent into several paroxysms of prejudice, and signally failed to secure any definite information relative to ourselves. That we are everywhere, and in nearly every place numerous, we know; but, when the Census of 1850 puts us down at two millions we chuckle at the palpable blunder, and, instead of righting the matter, pay no further attention to it.

A serious inconvenience results from this negligence. The ardent and the desponding in our ranks are both equally at sea in their prophecies or lamentations. The former portray us marching from acquisition to acquisition, until in the vista they behold us filling the whole nation, now converted and rejoicing. The latter trace the immigration to our shores, remember Barbadoes and the fruitful race which peopled it, remark that "we are not half as numerous as we ought to be," and conclude that we sink on American soil like water into sand. The controversy begins without data on either side, and as the disputants, in many cases, take their places according to their temperament, so the victory, in many cases, lies with those who can raise the loudest pœan or chant the dirge most dreefully. To put a stop to this sort of disputation, once and for all, we need a Census. To save coming writers from the same fog of controversy through which we have groped, we need a Census. So think the Baltimore *Mirror* and the *Catholic Telegraph*, and so thinks the TABLET, which has felt the want of it, perhaps, as greatly as either.

The mode to get at it is the next question. In the absence of a better method the *Mirror* proposes to take the Diocesan records of Baptisms as a standard. We have not read its detailed plan; but the *Telegraph* informs us that the *Mirror* arrives at a population of 85,625 for Baltimore last year, on a basis of 2,586 baptisms, or about 1 child to every 33 souls. There is, we fear, one grand objection to this scale. The ratio allowed, if true of cities at the East, cannot be also true of cities at the West, or country populations anywhere. If correct in Baltimore, with a comparatively settled population, it must be in a degree, and a very dangerous degree, in error at New York, where Catholic life is ebbing and flowing with every tide, and where churches filled three times every Sunday can only point to a few hundred *families*. In other words, no one city can be safely taken as a rule by which to judge others, and still less as a judge of country populations. The smaller the city, the greater, in proportion to its Catholic inhabitants, is the number of families in it, and *vice versa*. Inside of city limits the families naturally increase, while the unmarried, relatively, diminish. But even in small towns, where there are only three or four married Catholics, you can fill a small church with the single—how, then, can a standard be laid down?

A Census is needed, urgently needed, we repeat, but how to get it is the difficulty. Better have none than a mass of figures from which nothing can be deduced. We are all now in glorious doubt and keep diffidently quiet. We would then have a foundation for dogmatism, and none for certainty. Yet, whatever we can do to aid the *Mirror* in its investigation shall be done with pleasure, little the less real because accompanied by skepticism.

THE REVIVALS.—Starting in New York, the Revivals have spread over the whole country. Our exchanges from every part of the States are filled with accounts of "meeting," "awakenings of the Spirit," and "Conversions." If honesty has increased in proportion to religious fervor, real or affected, sand has been banished out of sugar, water out of milk, and pure spirits out of cogniac, to a great extent. If not, hypocrisy has taken its place, and persons dealing with our business class have double reason to look out for sharpers. Your "pious" rogue is the slipperiest creature abroad, for he throws you off your guard, and only gains your good opinion that he may abuse it.

"Try the Spirits," is the command of St. John, and in compliance with it the *Church Journal* has discovered that the Revivals have nothing hopeful or especially religious about them. Nervous excitement, according to the *Journal*, is not religious feeling, and an "inspiration" which assures people that they are free from all guilt in the sight of God, caters too much to individual pride to have a good origin. This view of the question is creditable even to an Episcopalian—is it not?

But the "Revivals" have done good. As Spiritualism has led to a more permanent belief in the world of Spirits on the part of some people, so the Revivals, in others, has disclosed the fact that Protestantism, at bottom, is not opposed to intercession. "Awful Gardiner," the prize-fighter, has taken his stand in the cavalcade of returning prodigals and asks to be prayed for. A regular bureau has been established in our different churches to receive requests for prayers, and to superintend their enunciation. Looking at the Revivals in this light, we have every reason to believe that happy results will flow from them.

CONFIRMATION IN JERSEY CITY.—On last Sunday, March 21, the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation was administered in St. Peter's Church, Jersey City, by the Bishop of Newark, Right Rev. J. R. Bailey, and three hundred and thirty persons were confirmed. Nearly all the Catholic children of the City who were of age and sufficiently instructed to receive Confirmation or the Holy Eucharist, were present at the Bishop's Mass. About four hundred children received the Holy Communion. The Bishop preached at the late Mass. His subject was, "The danger and evil of sinners putting off their conversion from day to day."

At Vespers, St. Peter's was again crowded by a host of children, when the renewal of the baptismal vows was read in a loud, clear voice by one of their number. This beautiful ceremony not only affected the children for whom it was principally intended, but also every individual present. The Catholic population of Jersey City is only about five thousand, yet they have four schools—two for boys and two for girls—all well supplied with the best of teachers, and all supported by the Church, at a cost of nearly $2,000 a year. If a proof were required of the utility of good Catholic schools for our children, an abundant one was afforded on last Sunday by the pious, orderly, edifying conduct of the numerous crowd of boys and girls which thronged St. Peter's. Father Kelly, in his little field of Jersey City, has set a glorious example by his unceasing efforts to foster that great, and almost *only* hope of the rising generation in this country, good Catholic schools.

A GOAL AND HURLING MATCH.—A goal and hurling match came off in the neighborhood of the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, on St. Patrick's Day. The match was composed of thirteen married, and the same number of unmarried men. After a spirited contest of nearly three hours, the unmarried men proved victors. Much good playing was displayed on both sides. Several thousand persons were in attendance, among whom were a great number of Americans who appeared exceedingly astonished, as well as delighted with the novelty of the game. The contending parties were composed for the most part of persons from the county of Kerry. A game on a more extensive scale is contemplated to come off on the 4th of July next, in which representatives from all the Munster counties will participate. As the exercise properly conducted is not only harmless but beneficial to those engaged, we trust each individual will evince a personal pride in keeping it free from an unworthy notoriety.

NATIVES AND FOREIGNERS IN CALIFORNIA —MAKE A NOTE OF IT.—The report of the Superintendent of the California State Prison at San Quentin, shows, that for the year ending January the 20th, 1858, there were TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE natives of the United States in confinement, and only THIRTY-FOUR natives of Ireland. We have no means at hand to decide the relative proportion of natives to foreigners in the Golden State; but when we consider that the *adult* Irish must be nearly as one to two of adult Americans, this exhibit speaks well in favor of foreign morality. Even England, which sends only an insignificant contribution to the whole population, furnishes twenty "jail birds."

THE NEW DIVORCE BILL.—A favorable report was made in the State Senate on the 4th inst. on Mr. Wadsworth's Bill, amending the Law of Divorce,—the provisions of which make habitual drunkenness, brutal treatment, and desertion for a specified term of years, so many causes for divorce. As the law stands at present, absolute divorces (*a vinculo matrimonii*) are granted only for adultery: as it *will* stand, no one perversely inclined to break the connubial link need long labor under restraint.

There is something startling to those who look below the surface of laws like this, in the consequences to which they must naturally lead.

OUR MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTREAL, March 18th, 1858.

[*From our Montreal Correspondent.*]

Yesterday being St. Patrick's Day was celebrated here with all, and more than all, the usual solemnity. Before I go on to speak of the festival itself, however, I must inform you that the Irish Catholics of this city have been preparing for the last nine or ten days for a due celebration of their patronal feast. The Novena of St. Patrick was made by the congregation—I might almost say the entire congregation, for it was attended throughout, at both the morning and evening exercises, by an immense concourse of people. Familiar instructions were given every evening during the Novena, followed by solemn Benediction, and I can truly say that I never, even in this truly Catholic city, saw anything more edifying, more consoling to the Christian heart, than the interior of St. Patrick's Church on each of those nine evenings. The altar was decorated with extraordinary taste and splendor, on account of the Forty Hours' Devotion which occupied the last days of the Novena; the statue of St. Patrick was placed on a pedestal in the midst of the sanctuary, with a double row of colored lights beneath his feet, and, in fact, everything was done to honor the memory of our illustrious patron in a becoming manner. On the last mornings of the Novena, especially, vast numbers of both sexes received the Holy Communion, and all the priests belonging to the church were kept till a late hour every evening hearing confessions. We have heard and read much of the wonderful effects of the Redemptorist missions in various parts, but I think none of them could much exceed this Novena of ours in the extraordinary fervor manifested by the people generally, which was the more to be admired, inasmuch as the weather was very unfavorable most of the time the devotions lasted.

From all this you may easily understand the salutary dispositions with which the great Anniversary was celebrated. The procession was much the same as usual, with the pleasing addition of Major Devlin's and Captain Bartley's Volunteer Rifle Companies, and No. 1 Hose Company, a fine-looking set of fellows, who made their first appearance in the procession, with a handsome new banner. I also observed that our national banner, the royal sun-burst—glorious memento of the days when it waved over the heads of Irish monarchs—has been renewed on a rich green velvet ground. Others of our banners have been likewise renewed. On the whole, the St. Patrick's procession is every year becoming more imposing, both in numbers and in respectability, and it was generally remarked on this occasion that the conduct and demeanor of the people was beyond all praise. This, indeed, is good news. Gorgeous banners, martial music, and all "the pomp and circumstance" of public homage are very well in their way, as accessaries, but better than all, and first of all, is the good conduct and the respectful demeanor of a people who *feel* that they are performing an act of religious veneration.

St. Patrick's Church was, as usual, crowded to excess during the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. A solemn High Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop of Van Couver's Island;* the sanctuary was crowded with priests, and one of Handel's Masses was given with much effect by the choir, bringing out with taste and feeling the admirable power and sweetness of our magnificent organ.

At the end of the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Bentley, of the Montreal College, ascended the pulpit, and delivered a very able and eloquent discourse, eulogistic of the Saint then and there so highly honored. The preacher chose for his text the 13th and 14th verses, of the XXXIVth chapter of Ecclesiastics: "The memory of him shall not depart away: and his name shall be in request from generation to generation. Nations shall declare his wisdom; and the Church shall show forth his praise." The sermon was a fine piece of pulpit oratory, choice in language, and polished in style. By far the finest and most original portion of it was what might be called the introduction; including a graphic and powerful picture of the state of Christendom at the period of Patrick's mission. The reverend gentleman described with equal eloquence and truth the wonderful designs of God in preparing an asylum for Christianity—so soon to be all but banished from the soil of Europe by the influx of barbarism and infidelity—and in this he proved St. Patrick's great glory to consist, viz.—in being chosen to preach Christianity to the Irish people amongst whom it was soon to find a refuge—a safe and secure asylum from the storm of persecution, and further that, through all time, and in every place, that people was thenceforward to propagate the truths of faith. The usual panegyric on the saintly virtues of our patron, although very good in its kind, was neither more nor less than what we have all heard before, but the exordium was beautiful and admirably calculated to excite a generous emulation in the Irish heart as to the imitation of our Apostle's virtues. On the whole, Mr. Bentley—who is but lately arrived, and is still young—left the impression on the minds of his hearers that he is full of zeal and patriotism, and has not been denied the gift of eloquence. His sermon was one of great promise, if I may say so, and does honor not only to himself but to the country which sent him forth, still another added to her interminable roll, of zealous and faithful missionaries. He is, I understand, a native of the Irish metropolis.

When Mass was over, the procession formed again, and marched down to St. Anne's Church, through the Irish suburb which bears the name of that saint, then back through some of the principal streets to the St. Patrick's Hall, where the vast assemblage was addressed by Messrs. Doherty and Devlin, and also by our new Mayor, Mr. Rodier, who, although a French Canadian, kindly took part in the procession, and walked all the way with the President (*pro tem.*) of the St. Patrick's Society. It would be a novel sight, I think, in one of your cities, to see the chief civic functionary joining the Catholic Irish in doing honor to their patron saint. But our worthy Mayor is a Catholic, which, of course, makes all the difference in the world. The Montreal *Witness*—the evangelical mouthpiece of this city—expressed its conviction, on the occasion of Mr. Rodier's election, that he was "a lay brother of the order of Jesuits." Whether or not our respected chief magistrate may be "a lay Jesuit," I leave to the sagacity and good sense of the reader, but it is certain that he has been all along a liberal benefactor of that order, and gave them at their first coming to Montreal a very handsome house for a residence and a chapel, until they were happily enabled to erect their noble college of St. Mary's. For this, if nothing else, the Catholics of Montreal, of all origins, are deeply indebted to Mr. Rodier, and they proved their gratitude when they elected him as Mayor by a large majority, although he came late into the field, and was opposed by a very popular and indeed a very liberal Protestant gentleman.

This may seem a digression, but it is at least a very natural one, in connection with the Mayor's cordial union with his Irish supporters yesterday in honoring their patron Saint. His appearance amongst us on this occasion was wholly spontaneous and disinterested (which cannot always be said of the acts of public men), inasmuch as the electoral contest is past and gone—not *in perspecto*.

In the evening a number of gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner in Campain's *Restaurant*, but as yet I have not seen the report. I understand, however, that it passed off very well, quite "as well as could be expected."

I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

HIBERNICA.

* Oh! wonderful and glorious Catholicity of Christ's Church. Last year (I think it was) we had Bishop Tache of the Red River settlement officiating at our altar on St. Patrick's Day—now it was Bishop de Mers of Van Couver's Island. How beautiful is the economy of God's Providence! He brings apostolic prelates from the utmost bonds of civilization to honor the memory of his great servant.

Received.

"THEODORA; or, *Immortal Crowns for Soul and Heart*," a German Catholic Monthly Magazine, published in Springfield, Illinois. Our German friends speak highly of this publication, and we willingly recommend it to German patronage.

We are indebted to D. Appleton & Co. for a proof-sheet of Senator Benton's forthcoming Abridgment of the Debates of Congress. It is occupied with a review of the Sixteenth Congress; and if the spirit and vitality which pervade it may be taken as a sample of what is to follow, the new work of the venerable Missouri Senator is destined, not only to fill a vacuum in our political literature, but to produce a strong impression on the public mind.

"FIRST LOVE."

FROM THE IRISH.

[These verses from a contributor, whose literary enclosures are always pleasing, evince no small share of poetic talent. To one class of our readers the subject will be interesting, while, to the more thoughtful, the treatment will not be less pleasing.]

"When night unfurls her raven wing,
And low to Heaven I bend the knee,
Pray'r dies upon my burning lip,
So full is my fond soul of thee;
Or if on wings of Faith I soar
Up to the spirit's native skies,
Each angel wears thy gentle face,
Each star reminds me of thine eyes.

"Like some dark spirit lorn and lost
I roam'd the world's bleak wilderness,
The sport of Passion's wanton airs,
No voice to cheer, no smiles to bless;
Till softly thro' life's clouded sky
I first beheld thy bright eyes gleam,
Then fled all gloom, and Love broke in
Upon my soul like some sweet dream!

"But now the world seems strangely fair,
On ev'ry side new beauties rise,
The flowers have donn'd a richer hue
Since Love lent me his dreamy eyes.
The winds that kiss thy fragrant lips
Die softly at the pearly door;
The birds that hear thy silver song
Will rouse the sleepy woods no more."

Thus sung I in my boyhood's days,
When passion fired my Gaelic blood,
And has old Time with chilling wings
And wintry winds subdued the flood?
Old Time, the dotard, as he flew
But fanned the flame he meant to kill,
The fire once lit on Love's sweet shrine
Is burning high and wildly still.

O that the Heart must still love on
E'en tho' its love be coldly spurned;
And cling to Hopes—old sunny hopes
That long ago were all o'erturned!
Thus do I sit and dream of thee
Out in the leaden noon of night,
No star to cheer Life's dreary sky,
But the mem'ry of thy blue eyes bright!

I curse the fate that led me first
Within the circle of those eyes,
I curse the hope that in my breast
First falsely flatter'd Love to rise;
Were I beside youth's witching stream,
And were my heart once free from pain,
I'd—plunge into the surging flood
To live but in thy smiles again!

The hot South wind floats sadly by,
He is the night flower's lover blest,
And soon she'll ope her odorous lips,
And soft he'll die upon her breast!
But I must sigh unto the night,
And kiss my Love but in my dreams,
And see her eyes but in the stars,
And hear her voice but in the streams!

M. S.

CHICAGO, *March 3rd.*

HORSE TAMING.—Daniel Sullivan, the grandson of the famous "Whisperer," writes as follows: Having been informed that there is now in Dublin an American gentleman named "Rarey," who has had the honor of appearing before her Majesty and the Court at the royal stables at Windsor, and surprised them all by his wonderful feats in taming that noble animal "the horse," I am induced to appear before the public as the grandson of the old and the son of the late "Whisperer," and in honor of the county of Cork, to say that I am ready at any moment, and at any appointed place, to meet Mr. Rarey, and let a jury of the most respectable gentlemen he can find decide whether he or I (an humble man) can perform the more wonderful feat in subduing wild, vicious, and unmanageable horses.

What will our Know-Nothings say to this? Are "Americans" never to be allowed preeminence over the island Celts, even in the profession of jockeying?

Having made arrangements with Messrs. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, publishers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, we are enabled to send the TABLET and *Metropolitan* for Four Dollars per year, payable invariably in advance.

We are also prepared to furnish *Brownson's Review* to our Subscribers at reduced rates. The TABLET and *Brownson's Review* will be sent to one address for Five Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance.

A CARD.

The Sisters of Charity gratefully acknowledge the sum of $1.658 from the Treasurer of the Young Men's Erina Association Ball, to be appropriated for the clothing of the orphans under their care.

ORPHAN ASYLUM, Prince street,
March 22nd, 1858.

ATHLUMNEY CASTLE.

AN INCIDENT FOLLOWING ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

"Forgettest thou that silent summer morning,
When William's bugles sounded sudden warning,
And James's answered, chivalrously clear?
When rank to rank gave the death-signal duly,
And volley answered volley, quick and truly,
And shouted mandates met the eager eye?"*

A few hours had passed after the close of that disastrous battle. The noise of the conflict had died away along the margin of the Boyne, and the fair river flowed on as clear and as tranquil as though the blood of contending hosts had never tinged its waters, or the roar of musketry and the thunder of cannon never disturbed its echoes. The bugles of either army were silent all and mute, for the faithful defenders of the worthless Stuart were at last

"Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone,"

and the victorious legions of the conqueror were either gone in pursuit of the flying foe or resting after the fatigue of the battle.

Not many miles from the scene of the conflict, there stood on the right bank of the Boyne a stately castellated mansion, then all but new, now a dismantled and spectral ruin. The owner of this mansion was Sir Launcelot Dowdall, the representative of a family who had been long and faithfully attached to the house of Stuart.

On the day following the battle of the Boyne Sir Launcelot heard early in the morning that his friends and co-religionists had been vanquished by the Dutchman, and the generous heart of Dowdall was filled with sorrow and indignation.

"Alas! my royal master," said he within himself while the scalding tear of anguish bedewed his manly cheek, "I had hoped to receive thee, a conquering prince, in my poor house of Athlumney, and much thought had I given to the fitting entertainment of so great a monarch. Now, we may, perchance, see this ill-mannered Dutchman battering at our gates and making his boors welcome to the best we have—but, I swear he shall never set foot in Athlumney—cold comfort it will give him, an' he do!"

A few hours brought the news that the English army was approaching in that direction. Sir Launcelot smiled grimly as he gathered his servants and retainers around him, and to them he gave orders to quit the castle every man, woman, and child before the shadow of noon erased the dial in the court-yard. With many tears and sighs the order was obeyed, for the faithful followers of the Dowdalls had many pleasant associations in connection with the family mansion. Sir Launcelot warned them, too, that they must seek new masters, for that, henceforward, he was a landless man doomed to wander in foreign climes, far from home and country. Loud and long was the wail which followed this announcement, and many a heart was filled with anguish as the kind master gave to each the sum of his indebtedness, and then sent them forth, as they said themselves, "strangers in the cold world"—what the knight was soon to be himself.

When the castle was cleared of every living thing, Sir Launcelot made a tour of the premises, collecting some trifling mementoes of the loved and lost, and bidding farewell to every apartment. When the evening shades began to fall, he lit a torch with a trembling hand, and applied it to a quantity of straw and dry brambles which he had collected in the great hall, and watched with a flushed cheek and a tearful eye the rapid progress of the flames as they gradually consumed every object within the noble hall. When he saw the oaken ceiling on fire, he muttered, "That will do," and then, turning his back on the castle, he took a small boat, and rowing himself over to the opposite bank of the river, sat down on a little grassy knoll to watch the work of devastation.

There, hour after hour, did Sir Launcelot sit, looking with sullen exultation on the burning pile which lit the landscape far and near, and shed a lurid glare on the glassy surface of the river at its feet. How bitter were the reflections of that loyal Irish gentleman as he kept his lonely watch that summer night on the Boyne's green banks, surveying with a sad and yet exulting heart the destruction of that ancestral pile of which he had but lately been so proud! His only consolation was the thought that William of Orange should never tread its floors, and as each chamber was in turn consumed, Sir Launcelot laughed fiercely, saying: "Another gone—so far good!" When the last beam had fallen, and the fury of the flames began to subside for want of fuel, Sir Launcelot arose, and was turning away with a heavy heart just as the dawn began to streak the eastern sky, when the distant tramp of armed men, and the prancing of cavalry horses reached his ear.

"Ha!" he muttered in a hoarse whisper, as though to the chill night-breeze which rustled in the branches and bent the long grass at his feet; "ha! they are coming!—King James's enemies and mine! Doubtless, the Dutch upstart reckons on a comfortable lodging at Athlumney, but I wish him luck of his quarters there! Thank God that yonder castle holds no place wherein his foot may rest—would to Heaven that every Irish lord and gentleman would do as I do, so that William might look for lodging elsewhere!"

Near and nearer came the heavy sound—the march of horse and foot, but Sir Launcelot Dowdall waited not for the approach of the hostile army. Making his way to the house of a friend some miles distant, towards the mouth of the Boyne, he there remained for a few days, till, hearing of James's departure for France, he speedily followed his example, and sought a home on that friendly shore where so many of his friends and countrymen had already found a refuge.

Whether William of Orange was deprived of a lodging that night by the act of Sir Launcelot Dowdall history does not mention, for the body of troops whose advance was heard by the knight was merely dispatched to take possession of some strong post before the morning's dawn. Certain it is, however, that the estates of the Dowdall family were soon after confiscated, and their rightful lord, hearing the news in his place of exile, exulted in the thought that no Williamite trooper should ever rule in his ancestral halls.

The present appearance of Athlumney Castle is thus described: "Immediately approaching Navan, the river makes a bold sweep round the foot of the hill, from which rise up the ruins of Athlumney Castle, the dilapidated towers and tall gables of which shoot above the trees that surround the commanding eminence on which it is placed, while glimpses of its broad, stone-sashed and picturesque windows, of the style of the end of the sixteenth century, are caught through the openings in the plantation. This beautiful pile consists in a large square heap, with stone-arched floors and passages rising into a tower, from which a noble view can be obtained of a clear day; and a more modern castellated mansion, with square, stone-mullioned windows, tall chimneys, and several gables in the side walls. The tower of Athlumney Castle," says the same author in a note, "is now draped with ivy planted by the hand of Maria Edgeworth."*

* *Boyne and Blackwater*, ch. v., p. 132.

* See T. D. McGee's verses to *The River Boyne* in Hayes's Collection of Irish Ballads.

— In our next, THE FATE OF BREASAL, SON OF DERMOT, A. D. 550.

KNOCK-MAEL-DHOON.

I stood on the summit of Knock-mael-dhoon—
The sun on its highway was nigh to noon;
Ormond in beauty bloomed far below—
'Mong Decies' green hills, in the day-beam's glow,
The Avonmore wound, as a beauteous queen
Walks 'mid her knights with majestic mien,
And, far in the distance, the deep blue sea
Spread in immensity, boundless and free.

An Eagle flew screaming above my head—
The grave of a soldier was 'neath my tread—
Purple heath belted the mountain 'round—
Yellow furze-blossoms the lower hills crowned—
Woods, alternating with fields, were seen,
Their varied tints mingling, of gold and green—
And cloud-shadows flitted the hill-side o'er,
Where rose the fair turrets of "Saintly Lismore."

Then, gazing around on that scene so grand,
I said in my pride, with an outstretched hand,
"The world-seeing sun in its course doth shine
On no fairer land than this land of mine!"
And I thought of the fierce invader's word,
When pointing around with his blood-red sword,
He said to his iron-mailed men of war,
"There is a country worth fighting for!"

The sword of the stranger was sharp and long—
The hand of the stranger was bold and strong—
And the edge of that sword in his hand the while,
Deep made its mark on our ill-starr'd isle;
The grey-ruined fanes on the hill-sides green,
Long days of sunshine and calm had seen,
'Till the ruthless destroyer, the regicide came,
And gave them to plunder, to sword and flame.

Corpus Christi, Texas. R. P.

THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

We extract the following account of this very useful Order from Mr. Maguire's most interesting book on Rome, now in course of publication by Messrs. Sadlier & Co.:

"The Christian Brothers, or Brothers of the Christian Schools, have taken strong root in Rome, and are there, as in all other countries where they have been established, amongst the most zealous and successful of the teachers of youth. To the Catholic reader of these countries, more especially of Ireland, their wonderful success, in elevating the tone and character of the working classes, is well known; and in Rome, their reputation, for the possession of all those attributes which can constitute zealous and conscientious teachers, is fully as high as it is elsewhere. These men are the very chivalry of the intellectual army of modern times; and yet their Order is one of the many educational institutions which have sprung from the bosom of the Catholic Church—the reputed friend of darkness, and champion of ignorance! Some notice of the origin of this Order may fitly introduce an allusion to their success in Rome.

"The Christian Schools of France owe their origin to the zeal and piety of the Abbe de la Salle. This distinguished ecclesiastic was born at Rheims on the 30th of April, 1651, of parents of the highest respectability. Resolving to devote himself to the service of religion, he accepted a canonry in the Cathedral of Rheims, and at a suitable age was raised to the priesthood. Seeing the spiritual destitution of the children of the poor, and the very inefficient means for their instruction which the existing schools afforded, he determined on devoting to their reformation all the time which his other duties left at his disposal. He assembled a small number of teachers, induced them to adopt a kind of community life, presided at their studies, and used every effort to qualify them for the discharge of their important and onerous obligations. He soon found, however, that his new undertaking would demand all his his time and attention. He, therefore, resigned his canonry, sold his patrimony, and distributed its proceeds to the poor; brought the teachers to reside with him in his own house, and labored with them in the conducting of the schools. The fruits of his teaching soon became manifest; the schools attained a high reputation, and numerous applications poured in on the good Abbe for communities of such efficient teachers. A novitiate, or House of Probation, was established, in which the junior members of the society were educated and trained to their respective duties; and in a very short time the Institute spread itself throughout the principal parts of the kingdom.

"Rules and constitutions for its permanent government were now drawn up; religious engagements for a limited time entered into; and the title of 'Brothers of the Christian Schools' adopted. In 1702 the saintly founder sent two of his brothers to Rome, in order to form an establishment in the Holy City. His object in doing so was (according to his own declaration) to place his Institute under the auspices of the Holy See; to have more ready access to the feet of Christ's Vicar, for the approbation of its rules and constitutions; to attach it for ever to the imperishable and infallible Church; and to give testimony of his inviolable attachment to the Centre of Unity, at a time when so many were found ready to limit its prerogatives and question its authority. The undertaking was, after some time, successful. An establishment was formed. Another was given by Pope Benedict XIII., by whom the society was approved and confirmed in 1715. From that time it continued to flourish until the disastrous period of the Revolution, when the decrees of the National Assembly, which proscribed religious societies, compelled the brothers to disperse, and scatter themselves throughout the kingdom. Some took refuge in Italy, and were received into the houses existing in that country; but the success of the French arms in that peninsula deprived them of even this protection. Of the numerous establishments which had been possessed by the society, two only, those of Ferrara and of Orvietto, now remained; and to their existence was owing the revival of the body, when the decree of the French Consul permitted the Brothers again to assemble in community.

"In 1801 they opened an establishment in Lyons. Other establishments followed. In 1815 they resumed the religious dress; and from that period to the present, they have been increasing in numbers and efficiency, diffusing blessings around them in every locality which has been favored with their pious and edifying labors."*

* By the latest returns we find that in France they have 1,235 schools; in Belgium, 28; in Savoy, 37; Piedmont, 33; Pontifical States, 29; Canada, 29; United States of America, 30; Levant, 10; Prussia, 4; Malaysia, 2; Switzerland, 1; England, 2. Number of Brothers, 7,000; number of pupils, 300,315.

The schools of the Christian Brothers in the United Kingdom (not included in the above) afford education to somewhere about 30,000 boys.

The literary estimate of Smollett corresponds with the estimate we have of the man. As a critical and political writer he had many equals and some superiors; as a poet he had done barely enough to put his name on the list; as a comic dramatist he was neither a Foote nor a Murphy; as a metrical satirist he was not a Churchhill; as a historian he was certainly not a Hume; but when we add what he was in all these departments to what he was as a novelist, the total impression is very considerable.—*Quarterly Review.*

CALENDAR OF IRISH SAINTS.

THE MARTYROLOGY OF TALLAGHT; with Notices of the Patron Saints of Ireland. Edited by the Rev. MATTHEW KELLY, D.D., St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

From the earliest period of Christianity it has been the pious practice of the Church to commemorate its saints, its confessors, and its martyrs. Their acts were dilligently recorded, and at length introduced into the Divine Office; special anniversaries were appointed for the most illustrious; and, so early as the seventh century, the Feast of All Hallows was instituted as an occasion on which the faithful might be reminded of the vast number of those whose graces and merits had edified the Church, but for whom it would be impossible to provide any distinct festival that should be generally observed throughout Christendom. The grateful piety of the primitive ages had celebrated the eucharistic oblation at the tombs and over the reliques of the martyrs; and it is probable that to this may be traced the usage by which the veneration of certain saints, as patrons, was localized within particular dioceses or regions. Calendars and martyrologies became numerous. Those drawn up by Eusebius and St. Jerome were succeeded by the more ample enumerations of V. Beda and Usuardus. The Roman Martyrology might be regarded as that of the Universal Church; but vairous other works of the same nature were, from time to time, provided both in the East and West for the local use of dioceses and religious orders, all tending to the same purpose, and fulfilling what on a much smaller scale had been effected by some of the old ecclesiatical Diptychs. Many of those martyrologies have been published, and are acknowledged to be monuments of great value in the history of the Church. Works of this kind may be considered as the text on which the sacred biography is the commentary and illustration. Ireland, ever since it received the Christian religion, has been remarkable for the great number of its Saints, as well as for the tenacity with which it has retained the faith that was at first delivered to it by Pope Celestine's Missionary, Saint Patrick, in the fifth century. It was not without reason that Ireland was designated the *Island of Saints*, nor can we peruse without astonishment the long, though incomplete, enumeration of their names given in the ancient calendars and martyrologies. Hence it was scarcely an exaggeration of the poet to compare their number to that of the stars.

The pious labors of the ancient Irish Saints were not limited to their own country. They went abroad as Christian missionaries, and among the heathens of Britain and various parts of the European continent they proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation. Thus St. Columba labored among the Picts in the country now called Scotland. St. Columbanus and St. Gall penetrated into Burgundy and Switzerland, St. Chilian into Franconia, St. Colman into Austria, St. Rumold, St. Dympna, and many others into Belgium, where to this day the establishment at Gheil for the treatment of lunatics attests the merits and enjoys the patronage of the Irish Virgin martyr. Before the English invasion in the twelfth century, Ireland abounded in religious houses, many of which were as famous for study as for prayer and contemplation. Conspicuous among these was the Monastery of Tallaght, about five miles distant from Dublin, on the south-west. Here, during the eighth century, was prepared the celebrated Martyrology, or enumeration of Saints, which is one of the most precious remains of our sacred literature, though, unfortunately, it has come down to us in an imperfect state. Its principal author was St. Moelruan, who died 7th July, 788; but it is believed to have been continued by St. Aengus, of Clusinednech, now Clonenagh, and also has had inserted in it some later additions, of which the last is that of the Festival of St. Corpre, of Clonmacnois, who died A.D. 899.

The Rev. Dr. Kelly, of Maynooth, establishes another claim to the gratitude of Irish students by the present work, in which he gives the chief part of the "Martyrologium Tamlactense," in the original Irish, but in the Roman character. In his preface he says that the Martyrology of Tallaght "was the most comprehensive of all the Irish martyrologies. It contained a greater number of saints than were found even in the principal work used in Colgan's time by the Bollandists." No perfect copy is known to exist, "the whole month of November, the first sixteen days of December, and a few days in the other months" being deficient; "but the loss is to a great degree suppiled by the 'Martyrology of Donegal,' which was compiled by the O'Clerys from other sources in the commencement of the seventeenth century, and which in all the other months generally agrees with the 'Martyrology of Tallaght.'"

If this publication contained nothing more than the Irish portion of the "Tallaght Martyrology," it would be of the greatest importance to the student of our ecclesiastical history; but it contains in addition so much interesting matter of the same description that it must for the future be the indispensable manual of all who are engaged in such studies, and will be particularly useful as a guide and introduction to the more voluminous works on Irish Hagiology.

The Rev. Professor's present publication includes a most useful abstract of Colgan's Lives of the Irish Saints; and also a metrical account of the Patron Saints of Ireland from the unpublished work of Aengus the Culdee, composed in the 8th century. This account is given in the original Irish language and character, but with an English translation on the opposite page.

Saint Patrick's Day in New York.

THE PROCESSION.

Wednesday, the 17th of March, the anniversary of St. Patrick's Day, was celebrated in this city with the usual *eclat*. The day was beautifully fine. Nothing occurred to mar the general good feeling, thereby disappointing the covert malice of certain newspaper proprietors, who pant for what they designate a "row" on St. Patrick's Day. Those are the parties who build houses with money abstracted from the English Treasury, and consequently are compelled to "fetch and carry" at the behests of their masters. From an early hour the members of the various civic and military bodies were in motion, and by eleven o'clock the procession formed in East Broadway, and moved down Chatham St. to the Park, which, by this time, was densely thronged. Arrived at the City Hall, the procession passed in review before his Honor the Mayor, Recorder Barnard, Superintendent Tallmadge, and the members of the Common Council. The following is the order in which the procession filed off before the members of the Executive Body:

The Sixty-ninth Regiment and staff.
The Seventy-second Regiment and staff.
The Montgomery Volunteers.
The Emerald Guard.
The Sons of '98.
The Ancient Order of Hibernians, nineteen divisions in all, each with a banner of its own. The members of this Society wore green scarfs and appropriate regalia. The banners were likewise of green, and were very splendid. They bore religious and other devices, emblematic of the offices of this society to its members.
The Independent Guard.
The King's County Ancient Order of Hibernians, preceded by a fine banner, containing a likeness of Hugh O'Neil
Hibernian Benevolent Society, with banner.
The Old Guard.
The Mitchel Guard.
Longshoremen's Union Benevolent Society, with a fine banner, representing a ship under full sail.
Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Beneficial Society.
St. James' Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Society.
Father Mathew Union Temperance Benevolent Society, with a fine banner.
King's County Volunteers.
Workingmen's Union Benevolent Society.
Emmet Guard
Quarrymen's Union Protective Society.
Hibernian Guards.
Ancient Order of Hibernians.

After leaving the Park the procession marched through Broadway, Fourteenth street, Seventh avenue, Twenty-third street, Broadway, and down to Fourteenth street again, where they disbanded.

A second organization, composed of the Irish National Grenadiers, Quarrymen's Union, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Ancient Order of Hibernians Universal, and Flushing Mutual Benevolent Society, formed in Marion Square, corner of Spring st., and marched down Centre street to the east gate of the Park; through the Park, where they were reviewed by the Mayor, to Broadway; up Broadway to Fourteenth street; down Fourteenth street to Eighth avenue; up Eighth avenue to Forty-sixth street; up Forty-sixth street to Sixth avenue; down Sixth avenue to Twenty-sixth street; down Twenty-sixth street to Seventh avenue, and dismissed at Milliman's Hall. The Quarrymen's Union bore a splendid banner representing Washington and O'Connell grasping hands. This banner was of the finest texture, beautifully gotten up, and elicited universal admiration. The extreme fineness of the day had the effect of bringing thousands into the open air, and accordingly along Chatham st. The Park, Broadway, Fourteenth street and the other places through which the procession marched, the sidewalks and windows were filled with spectators, who saluted the different Societies as they passed.

THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick celebrated their seventy-fourth anniversary by a dinner, given at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Mr. Richard O'Gorman, Jr., presided in the absence of the President, Mr. Sloane, through illness. Among the invited guests were his Honor Mayor Tiemann, the President of St. George's Society, Mr. Walker of St. Andrew's, Mr. Norrie of the New England, Mr. Bonney of the St. Nicholas, Mr. J. DePeyster Ogden of the Hebrew Society, Mr. Joachimssen, Joseph Hoxie, R. H. Lowry. There were also present Judges Daly, Brady, Hilton, O'Conor, Mr. James T. Brady, C. H. Birney, Treasurer of the Society, and others. The dinner was served in the large dining-hall of the Metropolitan, where at least two hundred and fifty guests sat down. Among the ornaments which adorned the table, were confectionery in the shape of the Hill of Howth; the Irish Harp, decorated with shamrock; the Grand Fancy Temple, Tropic Church, Persian Church, Spring Flowers, and white sugar ornaments. The room was tastefully decorated with the flags of Erin and America, interwoven at either end, while the delicious strains of a fine band of music, including many favorite Irish and operatic selections, regaled the party while dinner was being discussed.

The cloth being removed,

Mr. Richard O'Gorman, temporary President, arose, and was received with applause. He said his first duty was to explain why he was there. Their society had left its government still in the same hands in which it rested during the past year. His presence must be explained by a letter from the President of the Society.

[Here Mr. O'Gorman read a communication from the President of the Society, Mr. Sloan, explaining the cause of his absence.]

He would propose the first regular toast.

"St. Patrick's Day and all who honor it."

(Cheers and Music—"St. Patrick's Day.")

Mr. O'Gorman said they met to-night to commemorate the past. Their first allegiance, however, was to the land they lived in. He trusted the United States would continue generous to all. (Applause.) Surely she had been generous to Irishmen. (Applause.) He knew he echoed their sentiment when he proposed:

"The President of the United States." Music—"Hail Columbia."

"Ireland—the land of our fathers." Music—"There Came to the Beach a Poor Exile of Erin."

He would call upon Mr. Hoxie—a "gentleman of American extraction"—to respond.

Mr. Hoxie responded.

The President preluded the next toast with an eloquent tribute to benevolence, and then welcoming the sister societies' representatives present, gave:

"Our Sister Societies"—Their honored representatives are welcome to our board to-night.

Mr. Walker, of the St. George's Society, responded.

Mr. Norrie, of St. Andrew's Society, spoke, and gave in conclusion the name of an Irishman whom he knew was honored by his country:

"The Memory of Henry Grattan." (Cheers.) The eloquent orator, the high-minded statesman, and the incorruptible patriot. (Drank standing and in silence.)

J. De Peyster Ogden responded for the St. Nicholas. He was glad to be here. It would be strange if he should not be glad to be among those who had done so much to beautify and honor the city and the country. In conclusion he gave:

"Prosperity and perpetuity to the gem of the ocean and the republic of the West." (Cheers.)

Mr. Joachimssen, of the Hebrew Society, responded for that society, rendering on behalf of his people the opinion that the Irish nation was the only one in Europe which had not passed laws of intolerance against his countrymen—the Hebrews or Jews. He hoped that the representatives of all nationalities would ever continue in this country doing good together, and going hand in hand.

The President gave—

"Civil and religious liberty." (Cheers.)

Mr. James T. Brady was called upon to respond, and was received with applause.

"The City of New York"

was next given, and received with music and cries for "Tiemann."

Mayor Tiemnan responded. He said he was not a talking man; he had prepared his speech, that he might say just the right thing. He spoke as follows: In responding to the compliment you have been pleased to pay me, gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, I think that it will be the part of prudence for so thorough a Dutchman as myself to take it entirely *ex-officio*, and let the city reply as far as possible for me. This city of New York is greatly indebted to the labors of the children of Ireland. If you desire to witness their monuments—look around you. They have dug our canals, excavated our docks, built our railroads, reared our stores and erected our churches "from turret to foundation stone." Nor is our gratitude as a city to be confined merely to these piles of brick, marble, and granite. There are higher throphies and nobler memorials than these, of which our city can boast; and then remember the Sons of Ireland. Going back to Revolutionary times, the ashes of the heroic Montgomery lie here in the very heart of the city, the first fruits, as it were, of our obligations to the land of his birth—one of the martyrs of liberty, who died on a spot consecrated by valor, the venerable Heights of Abraham. Passing down to the period of "the men of '98," New York received among those exiles (an occasion of which any country might be proud) the eloquent Thomas Addis Emmet, the witty Sampson, the honorable and scientific McNevin, and the ingenious Collis—names that America glories in as her adopted citizens, and who, with their companions, tendered as hearty a love to her as they did to the land of their birth, for which they had perilled their lives. This city was the spot which first sheltered these patriotic sons of Ireland, and they have well repaid the hospitality they received. In every profession they were eminent, and their genius and learning, while reflecting honor on their native land, yielded still more solid benefits to the country, which in a liberal spirit accepted their vows of citizenship. Since that period thousands have come, year by year, to this land of their adoption. Among them are honored names, distinguished for their worth and their talent in every calling and occupation, in every profession and path of life. You know them. They, too, are fellow-citizens, and they will not disgrace either mother—the one of their childhood, the other of their exile—the latter rather fitful, it is true, and impatient—occasionally given to a fit of knowing nothing, but still good at heart, as the year of the famine testified. They must bear with her moods, and be as faithful ever to her as to the sad and tearful genius of their own native isle. In conclusion, gentlemen, I thank you for your courtesy, and trust that your society may enjoy many pleasant anniversaries like this which brings together the sons of Ireland to recall the land of their birth, and mingle their fondest wishes for her honor and prosperity.

THE YOUNG FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

The Members of the above Society commemorated the celebration day of Ireland's Patron Saint by a dinner at the Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway. The attendance was large and numerous; among whom we recognized: The Rev. Messrs. Brady, Treanor, McAleer, Fagan and Healy. Mr. McMasters of the *Freeman's Journal*, Mr. Cole of the *Irish American*, Dr. Connery of the *Irish Vindicator*, and Dr. Shelton Mackenzie of the Philadelphia *Press*, were also in attendance. The daily press of this city was likewise represented on the occasion. The cloth being removed the President of the Society, Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, rose and said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The duty which devolves on me this evening, of introducing the literary exercises, is one, I must say, which gives me the greatest pleasure. It is gratifying to behold so much zeal and patriotism manifested by the sons and daughters of persecuted but faithful Ireland. The greatest honor you could confer on the young friends of Ireland is your warm-hearted co-operation in the celebration of our National Anniversary—that Anniversary which recalls year after year to the memory of the children of St. Patrick the most galling tyranny and persecution on their race and faith which were ever inflicted by the most barbarous nation—and by a nation which claims to be Christian. I will not ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to admit what I have said. You all know much better than I do what our race and faith have suffered, wherever the influence of England could affect them. I am sorry to have to say that England has found a response from this land of liberty, and her diabolical example has been resorted to against the faith and integrity of our country people. Nevertheless there is not to be found in the records of the national struggle of America the faintest shadow of apprehension of the Irishman's disloyalty; but, on the contrary, the history of the struggles of this country refuse not to record the noble and heroic deeds, by land and sea, of the sons of the Emerald Isle. The providence of God on the destinies of America should inspire her children (native and adopted) with awe and submission to His divine will, and we should ever hear and practice the sweet words which were stamped upon the hearts of the Apostles by their Divine Master: "Love one another even unto death," and not allow prejudice or bigotry to beget tyranny and persecution; for experience teaches us that these are the rocks and quicksands upon which the old rotten fabric of the British Empire is being dashed to pieces.

TOASTS.

The following comprise the list of toasts:

1st. "The Day we Celebrate." Music—"St. Patrick's Day."

2d. "Ireland." Music—"Savourneen Dhelish."

Mr. Cole responded.

3d. "United States." Music—"Hail Columbia."

Mr. McMasters spoke to this toast.

4th. "The Memory of O'Connell." Music—"A Dirge."

5th. "The Irish and American Hierarchies"—Distinguished alike for their piety, their learning, and their true devotion to freedom, like the immortal Archbishops, Langdon and Carrol, the uncompromising foes of oppression, ever foremost in the defence of the rights of those committed to their care, ever faithful in the discharge of their high and arduous duties. Music—"Irish and American Airs."

The Rev. Mr. Brady responded in an eloquent manner.

6th. "The President of the United States." Music—"American Boy."

7th. "The Memory of Washington." Music—"A Dirge."

8th. "The Literature of Ireland." Music—"Rory O'More."

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie responded.

9th. "The Declaration of Independence." Music—"The Star Spangled Banner."

10th. "Civil and Religious Liberty." Music—"See the Conquering Hero Comes."

11th. "The City of New York." Music—"N. Y. March."

12th. "The Press." Music—"Selected."

13th. "Woman." Music—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN ALBANY.

The day was celebrated in Albany with true Catholic spirit. There was High Mass at the Cathedral at half past ten o'clock, during which the panegyric of the Saint was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Moriarty of Philadelphia, of whose eloquence it is needless for me to speak.

A bright feature in the celebration was the attendance of the Emmet Guard (composed entirely of Catholics), which added much to the solemnity of the occasion, and when the trumpet sounded at the Elevation I could imagine nothing more sublime than the prostration of the assembled thousands. Many a heart throbbed when they heard their favorite "St. Patrick's Day," which, together with our national anthem, was beautifully rendered on the organ after the service by Mr. Carmody.

Altogether it was the most appropriate celebration to their Patron that could be rendered by the children of the Island of Saints.

A. A.

THE CELEBRATION IN UTICA, N. Y.

[*From the Utica Evening Telegraph of Thursday the 18th inst.*]

A large number of guests sat down, last evening, to the excellent supper provided by Mr. Kelley, of the Sherwood House. Alderman McQuade presided, assisted by Alderman Cantwell. The Utica Brass Band furnished the music. After an animated discussion of the viands, the cloth was removed, and the following regular toasts drunk; the band playing appropriate airs:

1. "The Day we Celebrate"—Sacred to the commemoration of an important era in the history of Christianity.

2. "The President of the United States."—A graft from a good old Irish tree.

3. "The Governor of the State of New York."

4. "The Irish Patriots of '98."—

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest death for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

5. "The Union of the States"—Framed by the wisdom, and cemented by the blood of patriots. It shall endure.

6. "The Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland"—Faithful shepherds of a persecuted flock.

7. "Bishop McFarland of Hartford"—The eloquent divine, the erudite scholar, and unostentatious Christian. Revered for his piety, respected for his learning, and endeared to us by that comprehensive charity, which knows no distinction of country or creed, Utica regrets his loss. May Providence appreciate his virtue.

8. "Civil and Religious Liberty"—The Foundation of the Constitution.

9. "The Army and Navy."

10. "Erin"—The land of wit, eloquence and song; the land of orators, poets and statesmen. The birthplace of Goldsmith, Swift, Steele, Burke, Sheridan, Curren, Grattan, Moore, Shiel and a host of others, who have enriched the pages of English Literature.

11. "The St. George's and Caledonian Societies."

12. "The Press"—The sturdy buffeter of Error, and the doughty champion of Truth.

13. "The Ladies."

To the first regular toast Ald. McQuade responded, giving a brief sketch of the labors of St. Patrick, in Christianizing Ireland, and establishing schools and colleges.

Mr. L. H. Babcock responded to the second toast.

Ald. John Cantwell spoke to the fourth, and alluded, eloquently and feelingly, to the lamented Wolfe Tone, and his unsuccessful and unfortunate efforts to secure the freedom of his country.

"The Union," was responded to by Francis Kernan. He gave as a sentiment—

"The Constitution of the United States"—Irishmen have found beneath it the civil and religious liberty denied to them in the land of their birth. They have reason to support it—as one man may they be ever found resisting every effort to overthrow it, and every attempt at disunion, come from what source it may.

James McDonough responded for the "Hierarchy of Ireland."

The toast to Bishop McFarland was responded to by John U. Burke, who paid a handsome and well-deserved tribute to the distinguished Divine, whose removal from Utica caused such deep regret among all classes and creeds of our citizens.

Samuel A. Jones made an elegant response to the tenth toast. He referred more particularly to Goldsmith, and congratulated himself upon the fact, that Goldsmith's mother was a Jones.

Mr. A. Walker, President of the St. George's Society, responded to the eleventh toast.

Mr. E. H. Roberts responded for "The Press," in excellent style.

Mr. E. P. Bailey, of the *Observer*, answered for "The Ladies."

Mr. W. Kernan, Jr., responded for the "Bar of Oneida Co." Dr. Walter Coventry, for the "Medical Profession."

Mr. John F. McQuade gave as a sentiment—KNOW-NOTHINGISM.—The guano that fertilized the shamrock in America.

A number of capital songs were sung by Messrs. B. F. Davis, A Spencer, C. B. Foster, J. Cantwell, E. T. Manning, P. T. Curley, T. C. Ferris, H. P. Tiffany, H. Cooper, C. M. Scholefield, J. Manning, and J. Cook, of Whitestown.

The company broke up about 3 o'clock, in excellent spirits.

The above journal, in its issue of the 17th, says:

"The Emmet Guards attended High Mass, this morning, at Saint John's Church, and listened to an instructive discourse from Rev. Mr. Meyer, on the life and character of Saint Patrick, and eulogistic of that people, who, through centuries of persecution, and despite all the inducements of worldly honor and riches that a powerful government could offer, have preserved their faith intact till this day. The Church was crowded by the worthy sons and daughters of St. Patrick—who were dressed in holiday attire, and seemed determined to devote one day to the memorization of the land of their birth. The Emmets turned out, this afternoon, in goodly numbers, and presented a creditable appearance. Their fine marching elicited very general praise."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN BALTIMORE.

[*From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*]

The annual festival of Ireland's great Apostle was duly celebrated in this city on Wednesday last. As has been the case for many years, St. Patrick's Church was the centre of attraction and of religious services, made more than ever interesting on account of the *Forty Hours Devotion*, terminating just before the service in commemoration of the day commenced. The altar was magnificently decorated with flowers and a profusion of lights, as it has been during the Forty Hours exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament. The Church was densely filled with worshippers, who were anxious to participate in the exercises. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Edward J. Sourin, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by Rev. Francis E. Boyle, of Washington City. The whole service was of an edifying and impressive character.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

The anniversary dinner of the Hibernian Society was held at Riley & Snyders, Eldon Hall. The room was tastefully decorated. Immediately over the chair of the President was a portrait of John Oliver, surmounted with a harp enwreathed in evergreen. On the right was the American, and on the left the Irish standard. At the other end of the room was the banner of the Society, bearing a portrait of St. Patrick.

The President, Hugh Jenkins, Esq., took the head of the table, supported by D. J. Foley and Eugene Cummisky, Esqs., Vice-Presidents.

The President called the meeting to order, and the Regular Toasts were read as follows:

1. "The Day we Celebrate"—At home or abroad a day ever dear to and cherished by the sons of Ireland. "St. Patrick's Day."

2. "Ireland"—Blest by nature with all that can enrich a nation,—we should pity, not censure the jealousy of those who would fain detract from her glory. "Erin go Bragh."

3. "United States"—The magnitude of her territory is only equalled by the hospitality of her Constitution, inviting to fellowship and protection the persecuted of the world. "Hail Columbia."

4. "The Memory of Washington"—The enduring inscription of his virtues on a nation's heart, the surest safeguard of a nation's future glory. "Dirge."

5. "The President of the United States"—The Sovereign of Sovereigns. "President's March."

6. "The Army and Navy of the United States." "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

7. "The Memory of the Patriots of Ireland"—As we cherish, let us emulate their deeds and services. "Tara's Hall."

8. "The Signers of the Declaration of Independence"—The heritage we enjoy—the purchase of their valor and patriotism. "O! for the Swords of Former Times."

9. "The State of Maryland"—The cradle of civil and religious liberty. "Speed the Plow."

10. "The City of Baltimore and Her Defenders of 1814." "Star Spangled Banner."

11. "The Memory of John Oliver." "Auld Lang Sine."

12. "The St. Andrew's and German Societies." "Auld Lang Syne."

13. "Woman."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN BOSTON.

[*From the Boston Post.*]

To a considerable extent, by private and social gatherings, our Irish fellow-citizens yesterday commemorated in a fitting manner the Anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint. No public display was made in the streets, yet we believe the honorable notice given to the occasion was none the less worthy. Among the most interesting events of the day was the celebration of the 121st anniversary of the Irish Charitable Association—a time-honored society—which took place at the Parker House, the president, John C. Crowley, in the chair. The president introduced the intellectual portion of the entertainment with a few highly appropriate remarks, and closed by introducing J. A. Pellitier as toast master of the evening. He gave the following as the first regular sentiment:

"The Day we Celebrate." Air—"St. Patrick's Day."

Second regular sentiment:

"Ireland." Air—"Garryowen."

This sentiment was eloquently responded to by Denis W. O'Brien, Esq.

Third sentiment:

"The Union." Air—"Star Spangled Banner."

To this sentiment Hon. Caleb Cushing was called upon to respond, and the gentleman upon rising was received with hearty and prolonged applause. Mr. Cushing said he would most gladly have remained silent while others more worthy than himself should address the company. He perceived in this circle of Irishmen that fervid genius of which the old poet spoke, carried along by feeling in the path of personal affection, and in the common channel of affection and remembrance of Franklin Pierce, of patriotism, of irrepressible devotion to this our common country; who would withstand the impulse of the hour, if it thus forced them into the path of common affection for our country. Our country was born of the generation which founded this society. The speaker and his hearers were the descendants of a common ancestry—of exiles anxious to escape the oppression of England—exiles whether of Irish or other parentage—common refugees from the same oppressors,—and he took pleasure and pride in meeting the members of this association as Irishmen. Ireland, the land of dearest traditions, of eloquence, of song, of courage, and of melody, unexcelled in genius, whether in speech or thought, among the nations of Europe. Who should not be proud to be an Irishman? If Americans shall meet to glorify the birth of their country, should they not do likewise to honor the remembrance of their aboriginal land of Ireland, whether abiding in Dublin or Paris, London or Boston. Well might they do so, affirmed the speaker. It was not the fact that they were simply Irishmen that impressed him most. It was that his fathers and theirs had been cemented together in a common cause and had fought side by side in the deadly heat of the battles of the Revolution. They were now one, inseparably one, retaining immortally green the recollections of the land of their birth. Whenever the demand was made, he knew that they would ever have their muskets ready, and stalwart arms, and courage behind all, to strike for the protection of our flag. There would never fail to be an Irish general to lead a division, and there would never fail to be those who were willing and anxious to be led on, He would say to his Irish friends—Irish by birth or parentage—recollect with regrets the fair shores of the Lakes of Killarney, the many noble associations of the mother land, and remember the affections of kindred, but in the moment of sorrow and grieving they should turn their eyes here where they would find lakes as beautiful, spots as green and fertile, and associations that would ripen into firm friendships and lasting affections. The speaker affirmed that those of his own birth were but a few years their predecessors, and they welcomed their Irish brethren to the common heritage of liberty, remarking—"What is yours is ours, what is ours is yours." They would labor with heart and hand for the welfare of a common country, all equally devoted to its institutions. There was but one heart, and that was the heart of an American.

Mr. Cushing was frequently interrupted by the most enthusiastic applause, and received three cheers at closing.

Fourth sentiment:

"The United States." Air—"Hail Columbia."

A letter and a sentiment were read from Hon. Arthur W. Austin, collector of this port.

Fifth sentiment:

"Massachusetts." Air—"Yankee Doodle."

Hon. Francis J. Parker, senator from Suffolk, was introduced and received with great cordiality. He first replied in an appropriate manner to some of the humorous allusions made in regard to him by Mr. O'Brien, and then proceeded to speak in response to the sentiment. Massachusetts, he was happy to say, was fast coming to an understanding of her duty in regard to adopted citizens, and he was proud to bear testimony to the fact that in the legislative branch of which he was a member, there had to-day been placed on record a vote which refused to recognize the right of a certain official to deprive the inmates of an asylum of that ministration of religion which their long-established faith dictated them to receive in the hour of sickness and death. The memory of the fact that they were all exiles together, should be encouraged. (Applause.)

Mr. Pellitier sang the "Marseillaise" with fine effect.

Sixth sentiment:

"Boston"—Ever renowned for the intelligence and solid worth of her citizens. Air—"Wood Up."

Mayor Lincoln responded.

Seventh sentiment:

"The Memory of Washington." Drank in silence. Air—"Pleyel's Hymn."

Eighth sentiment:

"The President of the United States." Air—"Hail to the Chief."

S. W. Waldron, jun., Esq., President of the Common Council, was invited to respond to this sentiment, and cordial greeting was extended to him. He thanked them for the cordiality with which he had been received, but much more for the honor conferred by inviting him to reply to this toast. It was fitting on all occasions of festivity to make appropriate allusion to and to honor the President of the United States. He was the son of an Irishman, and the speaker was confident that he would never fail to do anything which might perpetuate this glorious Union, or strengthen the noble institutions under which we, as a people, prosper. He would never take one right from the adopted citizen.

One of the members of the band in attendance then sang a national song, and at its close Mr. Cushing took occasion to address a few remarks in honor of the Catholic religion, introducing with a well-merited compliment to Rev. Mr. Brannigan, of the St. James' Church. Mr. Brannigan appropriately responded.

The closing sentiments of the evening were complimentary to "The Judiciary"—"The Army and Navy"—"The Memory of O'Connell"—"Woman"—and "The Press"—all of which found able respondents.

At a late hour the festivities closed, and we have never attended an anniversary of this association that afforded greater pleasure to the company present.

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNITED SHAMROCK SOCIETY.

[*From the Boston Ledger.*]

This Society held its fourteenth anniversary at the Merchant's Exchange Hotel, last evening, and the occasion was celebrated by a dinner. This was prepared in Dooley's best style, and certainly was a credit to him. Covers were laid for seventy-five, and we are glad, notwithstanding the attractions elsewhere, to see every seat filled. While the company were assembling prior to entering the supper room, many popular and Irish national airs were executed in fine style by an orchestral band, and they performed the selected music between the toasts.

Mr. John H. Barry, the President of the Society, and who occupied the chair on the occasion, arose, and after congratulating the company on the recurrence of the anniversary, expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing so many at the festive board. He then proceeded to give a sketch of the history of the Society, saying that since it was originated it had had about 300 enrolled members, and of these about 50 had deceased. He stated that there were now 114 active members, and about $900 in the treasury. Mr. Barry then alluded in a very feeling manner to the death of Mr. Lundergreen, one of their members. In conclusion he gave the first regular toast:

"The Day we Celebrate."

Mr. M. K. Mahoney was called on to respond to this, and did so in a very fine address.

The second regular toast was then read by Mr. Mahoney:

"The United States of America."

To this Mr. Edward Ryan responded and made an excellent speech to the point, speaking in the highest praise of the country of his adoption. He gave a feeling picture of his father being compelled to leave his native country with his family.

The third regular toast was then given:

"Ireland the Ocean's Gem."

To this Mr. Thomas O'Neill responded. He expressed his feelings in the plainest terms in favor of Independence, and expressed the thought that the day was not far distant when Ireland would yet be a Republic.

The fourth regular toast was then given:

"The President of the United States."

In place of a response Mr. Hassett sang "The Red, White and Blue," in an admirable manner.

The fifth regular toast was then given:

"The Army and Navy."

6. "The City of Boston."

7. "The Clergy and Hierarchy"—Their lives devoted to the elevation of mankind, they are entitled to our hearty support.

8. "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

9. "The 17th of March."

Mr. W. F. A. Kelly responded to this. Then followed "The Press," responded to by Mr. W. R. Jackson of the *Irish Miscellany*, "The Patriots of '98 and '48." "The Harp and Shamrock," "Our Invited Guests," and "The Ladies." The toast of "The Harp and Shamrock" was responded to by Mr. Jeremiah McCarty in a fine speech.

The party did not separate until a late hour, and all went home hoping to be present at the 15th anniversary.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Palmerston among the dead men.—Mr. Milner Gibson's death-dealing Amendment.—Mr. Gibson jokes the Premier.—His facetiousness received with roars of laughter.—Palmerston in a passion.—Tries to demolish Gibson by a ferocious personal attack.—The Premier's fury unavailing.—The Division.—The Defeat.—The announcement received with enthusiasm.—Lord Palmerston announces the resignation.—Derby to the rescue.—The new Cabinet.—Charge of corruption against Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P. for Youghal.—Mr. B. denies the charge and calls for immediate inquiry.—Ungenerous conduct of Roebuck.—A Committee appointed.—First day's session.—Parliamentary Notabilities in doubtful company.—Barnard.—Mobbing a French policeman.—Libel on Napoleon.—The Priest prosecutors in the dust.—There may they lie.

LONDON, FEB. 26th, 1858.

Alas! for the uncertainty of place and power! the Palmerstonian ministry is now among the things that were. The Milner Gibson amendment, hurled against it with the united strength of the Tory and Manchester parties, knocked it into the abyss of the Past. Never, I think, was the downfall of any minister hailed with more delight in Parliament than that of the late Prime Minister. We are now to be "Derbyed" for a period, be it long or short. That it will be short is the general opinion, and the refusal of office under Lord Derby by the chiefs of the Peelites, seems to argue a belief in the instability of his ministry. It is true the very means which gave it birth may also administer its death-blow. Since the breaking up of parties every ministry is at the mercy of a coalition. But let me not anticipate, but commence my usual parliamentary summary.

It was on Friday that Lord Palmerston moved the second reading of the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, complaining at the same time of the gross misrepresentation by which the measure was termed an alien bill. When his Lordship resumed his seat, Mr. Milner Gibson rose, and, protesting against any intention of causing controversy between the English Government, brought forward his amendment, which, while expressing detestation of the late horrible attempt on the life of Napoleon III., expressed regret that her Majesty's Government had not felt it their duty to make some reply to the French despatch. If that despatch, pursued Mr. Gibson, had met with a proper reply the consideration of the bill might be entered upon under more favorable auspices. Lord Palmerston himself had been free enough in offering his advice to foreign nations on their internal affairs, but in every case he had got his answer. He gave advice to Naples, but he was informed that the King of Naples could allow no interference in his internal affairs. Naples set the noble Lord a good example. Mr. Gibson then read an article published in the *Times* in June, 1850. The writer said that Lord Palmerston had interfered with every State in Europe, and mischief everywhere resulted from his interference. The article elicited unbounded applause, and laughter, loud, long, and derisive. When the enthusiastic cheering which followed the close of Mr. Gibson's speech had subsided Mr. Bright seconded the amendment. Remarks were made by Mr. Disraeli, Gladstone, and Sir R. Peel made a sufficiently long but not very remarkable speech, which he concluded by stigmatizing the bill as the most degrading measure that had been presented to Parliament for the last fifty years. Previously to the division, Lord Palmerston, now worked up to a white heat, made a desperate onslaught on Mr. Milner Gibson, whom he accused of being the first to vote against any measure having for its object the supporting of the national honor. The Premier had irretrievably lost his temper, a rare occurrence I must do him the justice to say. His fury, however, was expended in vain, for the division gave 234 voices in favor of the amendment, against 215 in opposition to it, thereby defeating the Ministry by 19 votes. No description could do justice to the scene which followed the announcement. Shouts of triumph hailed it, and hats and hankerchiefs were waved with enthusiasm. The Irish Liberal members, with one or two exceptions, voted with the ministry.

On Monday, Lord Palmerston announced that her Majesty had accepted the resignation of the Ministry, and moved that the House adjourn until Friday to give time to his Lordship's successor to organize a government. The motion was agreed to, the various committees however having leave to sit. The composition of the new Cabinet is as follows: Lord Derby, First Lord of the Treasury; D'Israeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir F. Thesiger, Lord Chancellor; Home Department, Mr. Walpole; Foreign, Lord Malmesbury; Colonial, Sir E. B. Lytton; War, General Peel; President of the Board of Control, Lord Ellenborough; Board of Trade, Mr. Henley; Attorney-General, Mr. Fitzroy Kelly; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Eglinton; Lord Chancellor, Mr. Blackburne.

Before Lord Palmerston's mention for adjournment, Mr. Roebuck read the petition of a certain Edward Lees Coffey, showing that Mr. Isaac Butt, Q. C., corruptly entered into an agreement with Ali Mourad Khan, or his agents, to prosecute, for a stipulated sum, in the House, and before the East India Company the claims of the Indian Prince for the recovery of territory taken from him by the Company. Mr. R. then moved that the petition be printed and circulated, and gave notice that on Friday he would move for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the case. Mr. Butt, in the midst of a dead silence, arose. He protested against the course adopted by Mr. Roebuck, and denounced the charge as utterly false. He is prepared to prove that it is the result of a most foul and unprincipled conspiracy. He demanded an immediate and public inquiry at the bar of the House, where he was willing to stand if his accusers were brought face to face with him. On yesterday week, when Mr. Butt entered the House, he received a note from Mr. Roebuck merely enclosing the petition. On Friday he wrote to the latter gentleman. He requested him to postpone the presentation of the petition until he (Mr. Butt) could go to Dublin for documents, the production of which were necessary to his defence. The reply received from Mr. Roebuck was that if Mr. Butt was in his place on Friday night he would see what course Mr. Roebuck took. The former gentleman then proposed to leave for Dublin the next morning and be in his place on Wednesday, ready to answer the charge. He received no answer when he came down to the House, found that Mr. Roebuck had not only given notice of the petition, but declared his belief in the truth of it. Mr. Butt then appealed to the justice of the House that this odious accusation should not hang over his head one moment longer than the rules of the House obliged. Mr. Butt then retired from the House after expressing his confidence that he would again return to it without a stain upon his reputation, except the indelible stain such charges leave, however false they may be, however vile the motives from which they originated. Mr. Butt was loudly cheered throughout his declaration. A committee of inquiry composed of Sir J. Graham, Messrs. Herbert, Bright, Bouverie, Sergeant Kinglake, General Codrington,

and Colonel Patten was then appointed. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Sergeant Deasy, the latter gentleman on the part of Mr. Butt, were added to the committee, with power to examine witnesses, but without power to vote.

The Committee met for the first time on Tuesday. The petitioner, Coffey, was examined and evidence so far goes to show that he was an unfaithful servant to the poor Ameer, who usually designated him as a "son of Satan." A Mrs. Parr, of rather dubious antecedents, at present trafficking in opera boxes, was examined, the most interesting portion of whose evidence is that relating to her political acquaintances. Among the distinguished visitors at her house, besides Ameer Mourad Khan and his friends, were Sir Hamilton Seymour, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Mr. Vernon Smith and his son, and, last not least, Mr. Roebuck himself. Whether it is that they were all members of a conspiracy to "pluck" the Ameer and subsequently fell out about the plunder, I cannot yet say. The first day's evidence throws very light on the case, but I do not think the charge can be sustained. Mr. Butt will be examined to-morrow.

The investigation of the charges against Barnard, the alleged accomplice of Orsini and fellows, was continued on Tuesday. Several French police officers were examined, and the proofs are strong against the accused. He was again remanded. On leaving the Bow street police court, the French police agents were hooted at and otherwise insulted. One of them was "mobbed" by a French refugee, named Jarrold, who was subsequently brought up at Bow street and sentenced to a fine of 40 shillings, or 21 days imprisonment. On Monday, Edward Truelove, a bookseller, was brought up under the charge of publishing a libel against Napoleon III. The pamphlet, which contained eight pages, was entitled "*Tyrannicide: Is it Justifiable?*" and was sold for one penny. The prisoner's counsel confidently stated that the pamphlet was not a libel. The name of the Emperor of the French did not occur in it at all. The defendant was admitted to bail in two sureties of £40 and his own recognizance for a £100.

The cause of Priest Prosecution and the Palmerstonian Phalanx have fallen together and will be buried side by side in the grave of oblivion. Father Conway has triumphed over not only his own enemies but those of the Irish people and their religion. I expressed in a late letter my conviction that no jury, unpacked by anything less than hydraulic pressure, could bring in a verdict of Guilty. The case of the Rev. Mr. Ryan is postponed. So ends the first and probably the last act of the Priest Prosecutions.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Debates in the Corps Legislatif.—Ollivier's speech.—Comparative tolerance of Monarchy, the Empire and the Revolution.—Striking admissions of the President of the Corps Legislatif.—Senatus-consultum.—Travellers and their passports.—Arrests and punishments.—The Detective Congress.—The English Navy versus the French.—Belgium.—Sardinia.—An Englishman arrested.—Narrow escapes of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Murat.—The tomb of Queen Hortense.—Joking the British Ambassador.—Mr. Everett.—Death of a Cardinal.—Mass for the repose of the soul of Lablache.—The Cure's sermon.—His anecdote of the great singer.

PARIS, 25th Feb., 1858.

The debates on the bill relating to measures of general safety in the Corps Legislatif have relieved the monotony which has so long reigned in that assembly. The bill was warmly opposed and still more warmly defended. Of the speeches in opposition to the measure the most remarkable was that of M. Emile Ollivier, one of the opposition candidates, lately elected, and son of Ollivier of republican memory. His opposition to the bill was motived, he said, not by party spirit but by a sense of right. The pretext of the bill was a false one. The attempt of the 14th January, plotted on foreign territory, executed by foreigners and inspired by foreign resentment, is not a French crime. He considered that if society was in danger the government was armed with sufficient power to defend it. There is no lack of laws against conspirators; the new law is made for those who, not being conspirators, might be likely to displease. No one could be certain of not being comprehended in the provisions. M. Ollivier ended by calling on the Chamber to reject the bill, through very devotion to the Government. M. Granier de Cassagnac, well known in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, defended the bill, and took the opportunity of dispelling certain prejudices with regard to the severity of certain regimes. The old monarchy and the first empire were remarkable for moderation; the revolutionary times were, on the contrary, signalized by violence. Comparing the number of persons imprisoned for political or religious causes under the first empire and the monarchy to that of political prisoners during the different revolutionary epochs, the orator pointed out the insignificant number of political imprisonments under the monarchical and imperial regimes, and showed the abyss into which society falls when it is chary of giving its aid to governments that would have saved it. M. Baroche, President of the Conseil d'Etat, in defending the bill made some remarkable admissions. The assassins of the Rue Lepeletier did not, he said, expose their lives without the hope of seeing their crime turn to the advantage of the cause of anarchy. "Already, in fact," said M. Baroche, "*in different parts of the country could be noticed something like expectation of impending events. He would neither exaggerate nor disguise the evil; there exists still in France some remains of the insurrectionary bodies of* 1848, *who receive, no one knows how, mysterious information, and towards whom the soldiers of disorder turn their eyes.*" After such an admission as this one is tempted to ask what M. Pietro is doing with his police? M. Baroche said that the Empire would not imitate the weakness of the two governments whose systematic tolerance successively led to the revolutions of 1830 and of 1848. The bill passed on the 18th by a majority of 203 votes. The total number of votes cast was 251. Among the 24 nays were Ollivier, Henon, Darimon of the *Presse*, 3 marquises, 2 barons, 2 viscounts and 3 counts. Among the absent was M. O'Quin, a member for one of the Northern Departments.

The senatus-consultum requiring the oath of allegiance to the Imperial government from all candidates for the office of Deputy has been passed by the Senate and published in the *Moniteur*.

Orsini's trial commences to-day. I will give you a synopsis of the proceedings in my next.

The public has been notified that travellers will not be admitted into the Empire unless they have passports given by a competent authority in their own countries and the *visa* of a French diplomatic or consular agent; the French *visa* to be renewed for every visit to France.

A young musician named Lefay, aged 16, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 50 francs for offensive language towards the Emperor, in the neighborhood of the opera, on the memorable 14th January. A *cafe* in Bordeaux, in which meetings, of a nature dangerous to public order, were held has been closed by order of the Prefet de la Gironde.

The *Courier du Havre* publishes a curious piece of intelligence. It states on the faith of a correspondent that a conference of foreign police agents, English, Swiss, Belgian and Sardinian, will be shortly held here for the purpose of adopting a system of precaution and surveillance to prevent the success of revolutionary projects. Verily this is the age of conferences.

A southern paper notices the fact that since the reign of Louis XIV. England has always scrupulously fitted out double the number of war vessels possessed by France. The Imperial Navy which now has 23 screw steamers will have 30 on the 1st of June 1859 and the English government which now possesses 40 screw steamers afloat has decided that the number is to be raised to 60.

The *Nord* of Brussels publishes the text of the Belgian bill relating to conspiracy against the lives of foreign Sovereigns. It gives the various degrees of punishment for the divese degrees of crimes of that nature, as well as for offensive language in the public press.

The author of the article in the *Crocodile* has not yet been found. Unless he makes his appearance within ten days after the summons to appear was issued he will be outlawed, condemned for contumacy, and his property confiscated. In such a case the sentence will be publicly posted on the Grande Place of Brussels, as was done with regard to the editor of the *Mephistopheles*, condemned for calumniating the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Capuchins.

The *Independence Belge* announces the accouchement of the Duchess of Brabant, of a daughter, who it states, will receive the title of Princess of Hainaut. The young princess will be baptized by the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines in the Palace Chapel. The Archduke John of Austria will be the godfather, and Marie-Amelie, (by proxy) the godmother.

The Sardinian Government has presented to the Chambers a bill relating to conspiracy to murder foreign Sovereigns. The maximum of punishment is ten years' hard labor, without prejudice to the other penalties prescribed by the Penal Code. The apology of political assassination will be punished by imprisonment for a space of from three to twelve months.

The *Independente* announces the arrest in Genoa of a young Englishman accused of complicity in the affair of the 14th January.

The Imperial family seems to have a momentary run of ill luck. Prince Napoleon's horse fell with him the other day, and Princess Murat narrowly escaped being killed, the horses having run away with her carriage, which was dashed against a tree in the Champs Elysees. The Princess escaped with a slight cut over the eye, and the loss of a *riviere* of diamonds worth 40,000 francs. Her I. H. was returning from a ball at Count Lehon's, when the accident took place.

The tomb of the Emperor's mother, Queen Hortense, in the Church de Rueil, is just finished. It is placed in a crypt on the left of the principal altar, opposite to the Empress Josephine.

Since the clouds have begun to lower over the *entente cordiale*, there is great agitation at the English Embassy in the Faubourg Saint Honore. Lord Cowley has been the victim of the same practical jokes which were played on his neighbor, the Russian Ambassador, during the diplomatic crisis which preceded the departure of the latter. The English Ambassador daily receives a number of proposals for the removal of his furniture, &c.

The Academy of Moral and Political Science has appointed one of your distinguished fellow-citizens, Mr. Everett, a corresponding member or the section of government, politics and finance. The American vessels in the port of Havre displayed their flags on the 22nd in honor of the birthday of the great Washington.

The Sacred College has lost another of its members. His Eminence, Cardinal Ludovico Garzoni, died on the 12th in Rome. His Eminence was in the 84th year of his age, and was lately first deacon in the College of Cardinals.

A solemn Requiem Mass was offered up on Saturday in the Church of the Madeleine for the repose of the soul of Lablache, the great operatic artist. The respected Cure of the parish preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion, and related an anecdote of the great singer which—that I may not spoil it—I will give you as nearly as possible in the words of the worthy Cure. "My brethren, some years echo this temple resounded with the music of Mozart, admirably executed. It was at the Mass for the repose of the soul of M. Chopin. After the ceremony, M. Lablache came into the sacristy and I said to him: 'I never really appreciated the Requiem, you have made me appreciate it. I have never understood that music so well as when I heard you sing it.' 'Monsieur le Cure, this is a compliment,' said Lablache. 'No,' said I, 'I never felt what I did when hearing you. 'Do you know why, Monseur le Cure? Because he who composed that music had faith, because to sing it one must have faith, and I HAVE THAT FAITH.'"

CITY NEWS.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.—The "Revivals" still continue in full blast, and Burton's old Theatre in Chambers street was opened on the 17th inst., for the purpose of prayer. During the progress of the first meeting a wag from the gallery announced the astonishing fact that Edwin Forrest, the actor, had lately been converted. The same unscrupulous jiber assumed a very serious aspect, while expressing a hope that the Academy of Music may yet be turned into a house of prayer. There is room for infinite mirth in these revivals. Oh! for the pen of a Steele or a Jonathan Swift to expose the hypocrisy and deep religious deception which lies deeply imbedded beneath the outward, earnest guise of religion and morality, exhibited by the frequenters of those "religious revivals."

REMAINS FOUND.—The body of a man, in a horribly mutilated condition, was found, some days ago, in the neighborhood of Fort Hamilton. An investigation being set on foot, the remains proved to be those of a Mr. Ephraim H. Howell, formerly director of the Grocers' Bank in this city. The commercial pressure so affected deceased, that he left his residence in November last, and was not again heard of until the recent discovery. From the fact of a discharged pistol being found by his side, it is more than probable he committed suicide.

THE CATTLE MARKET.—There was a decline in the price of beef on last market day. This was owing to the large purchases made by butchers previously. A large number of animals were left unsold in the different yards.

THE COLLINS' STEAMERS FOR SALE.—The Collins' Steamers are actually for sale. On the 18th inst. a crowd of persons assembled at the foot of Canal st. in consequence of a public notice, setting forth that the steamers *Adriatic*, *Baltic* and *Atlantic* would then and there be exposed for sale. After some time the Auctioneer made his appearance, and announced to those present that the sale was postponed until the first of April. While the maritime powers of the world are busy in collecting together a naval armament, the American government alone seem undesirous of making the least progress in this direction.

CAUGHT IN THE FACT.—A respectably dressed woman was detected shop-lifting at A. Hearn's dry goods store, No. 425 Broadway, on the 18th inst. On being taken to the Superintendent's office in Broome street, she refused to give her name or place of residence. On searching her person her under clothing was found to have been fitted up with large pockets and hooks for the purpose of shoplifting.

A German named Charles Myers, living at No. 183 Hester street, committed suicide last week by taking arsenic. According to his daughter's deposition, the family had met with many pecuniary difficulties lately, in consequence of want of employment, and being burned out, added to which the landlord had turned them out of doors. These accumulated difficulties operated very seriously on the old man, and eventually incited him to the perpetration of the dreadful deed of suicide.

Several casualties have resulted lately on the ferry boats, owing to the habit, but too common among persons of both sexes, of jumping on board after the boats have left their moorings. Precipitancy, such as this, is at all times dangerous, and not unfrequently attended with disastrous results. It is much safer and better to await the departure of the next succeeding boat, than, by an inordinate recklessness, jeopardize life or limb.

Two countrymen from Ohio were swindled out of 175 dollars at a California ticket office on Thursday of last week. On their way to the office of the General Superintendent of Police, where they were going to make a complaint, they were met by a confidence man who humbugged them out of $100 in gold.

Isaac H. Smith, formerly Alderman of one of the Brooklyn Wards, was accidentally shot while passing through Canal street, in company with his wife, on Sunday, the 14th inst. Mr. Smith has since died.

The Hudson River between this city and Albany is alrcady open. The boats have commenced running. It is expected that this will have a favorable effect on business.

A branch mint in connection with the Assay Office in this city is spoken of.

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WANTED—Agents in every city and town in the Union to sell our Books and canvass for the TABLET. A small capital of twenty to thirty dollars is all that is required. As our Books are all fast-selling popular works, good honest industrious men can make well by them. We will give them a first-rate chance. None but persons who can come well recommended need apply.

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EDUCATION.

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THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	16
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec6 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar " "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00

No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

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THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

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Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	16
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

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ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

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Terms:

Board and Tuition per session	$60 00
Stationery and Books	7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding	10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

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L. H. BONE, M.D.,

SON AND SUCCESSOR OF OLD DR. BONE,

ON THE CAUSES OF

Consumption, Symptoms of Consumption, Tubercles—what they are, Treatment of Consumption, and Curability of Consumption.

CONSUMPTION (*Phthisis Pulmonalis*) is characterized by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever, expectoration; some physicians enumerate several different kinds, this seems to me unnecessary for practical purposes.

CAUSES OF CONSUMPTION.

Causes are generally hereditary. Scrofula, large veins, weak voice, great sensibility, delicate complexion, scrofula, measles, smallpox, particular employments, unwholesome air, violent passions, affliction of the mind, grief, disappointment, confinement, want of proper exercise, drinking strong liquors, diarrhœa, diabetes, females nursing their babes when in a debilitated state, application of cold changes of apparel, wet clothes, lying in damp beds, exposure to cold suddenly when in a state of perspiration. More immediate causes bleeding of the lungs inflammation, asthma, tubercles—this last is by far the most common. Folly of dress causes this disease; tight lacing, one moment in a heated or crowded room, next in cold air, which produces a cough, and consumption is the result; confined and sedentary habits, the stomach, liver, lungs, &c., become disorded. Another, the manner in which persons are treated by their physicians.

SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

This disease may arise from inflammation in the membrane, or external part of the lungs, also from tubercles at the commencing. Symptoms vary with the cause of disease. If it arises from tubercles, it is marked by dry cough, from which nothing is spit up for some time but frothy mucus. With the least bodily motion, breathing becomes hurried, with an oppression of the chest. Patient gradually becomes lean, depression of spirits, loss of appetite. Cough becomes more troublesome, particularly night and morning; in some cases the patient spits quantities of frothy blood, or mucus streaked with blood. Breathing becomes more difficult, weakness increases; the patient begins to feel pain in the chest and in the side when coughing. Often the patient cannot lie easy on one or the other of his sides. Fever is of remittent kind, generally twice per day. Patient is very sensible to change of air, complains of being cold. Urine high-colored, bowels costive. In more advanced stages, diarrhœa often comes on, sweats break out, which induce great debility. In the last stage of the disease the patient has the appearance of a skeleton; eyes low and hollow, cheeks prominent, nails of livid color, feet affected with dropsical swellings, mind confident and full of hope. A few days before death, the extremities become cold, throat generally sore, bowels loose. All the above symptoms from various mor bid affections of the system.

TUBERCLES—WHAT THEY ARE.

Tubercles are small tumors situated in different parts of the lungs. In their incipient stage they are not larger than fine shot, but finally increase and become as large as a nut. They generally exist in clusters, which, if numerous, run into each other, form yellow masses; from cold or other causes they inflame, open into bronchial tubes, and are discharged by expectoration, being in fact open ulcers from which great quantities of matter issue, often bloody. They depend on a scrofulous state of the system.

TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

Treatment is to support the strength, to equalize the circulation, heal the ulcers in the lungs—debility one great cause of this disease. The lungs being weak, they are unable to resist the morbid state of other organs. We must remove the tough mucus from the air cells, which will overcome the irritation which is caused by the morbid action of these organs. It is our duty to restore the tone and bring a healthy action of the system. I know physicians make great failures in curing this disease, and cry humbug to all that say consumption is curable. I can prove that it is curable. I can produce those that I have cured, who stand high in this city, not ashamed to say Dr. BONE cured them, when they had no hope of being cured; when their physicians said I can do no more for you it is settled. Why is consumption a difficult disease to cure? because each lung is retained in its place by its root, which is formed by the pulmonary arteries, veins and bronchial tubes, together with the bronchial vessels and pulmonary nerves—the constant motion of the lungs causing the ulcers hard to be healed.

CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION.

It is supposed by most persons that consumption is not curable. When a friend is attacked, they gene rally give up all hopes of recovery. We are too hasty. Indeed, it is beyond dispute that the lungs recover from this disease the same as other organs do from other diseases, though less frequently. I believe every case can be cured, if the powers of nature are sufficient, with proper treatment, to bring a reaction. Besides, it is our duty to help, when we cannot cure, which always can be done, even in the last stages. The fact that scars are often discovered in lungs of persons, on post mortem examinations, who have been cured of consumption, and have died from other diseases, prove beyond doubt that consumption is curable.

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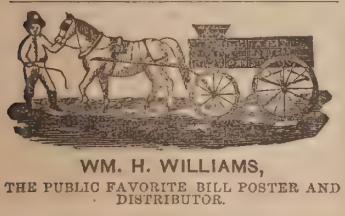

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SPEECH

OF

ROBERT EMMET, ESQ.

BEFORE LORD NORBURY, AT THE SESSIONS HOUSE, DUBLIN.

Mr. EMMET.—What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter; I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court, constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the storms by which it is at present buffetted. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power, over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but also the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue—this is my hope:—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me; while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over men, as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the government standard; a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, that the wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently hope, that, wild and chimercial as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland sufficient to accomplish this noblest enterprize. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my Lord, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was again interrupted by the Judge.]

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your Lordship, whose situation I commiserate, rather than envy; my expressions were for my countrymen: if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction.

[Here he was again interrupted by the Court.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a Judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood, that Judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but, where is the boasted freedom of your institutions; where is the vaunted impartiality and clemency of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My Lord, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this Court. You, my Lord, are a Judge, I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man also; by a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters; if I stand at the bar of this Court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but, while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors, or—

[Here he was interrupted and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My Lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your Lordship insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me, why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my Lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with; and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle, before your Jury was empannelled. Your Lordships are but the priests of the oracle—and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here the Court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No; I am no emissary. My ambition was, to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? a change of masters? No; but for ambition!

Oh, my country! Was it personal ambition that influenced me—had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment, and for it I now offer up my life. Oh God! No, my Lord, I acted as an *Irishman*, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in patricide, whose rewards are the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity.

It was the wish of my heart, to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism; I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had destined her to fill.

Connexion with France was, indeed, intended; but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it as we had assurances we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other—I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and, forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass—the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me there would I hold, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, in my fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is dishonorable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land; I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France—I wished to prove to France and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant of slavery, and were ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country. I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which would, by its example, be as important as its valor—disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science, and with experience—allies who would perceive the good, and, in our collision, polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils, and elevating our destiny. My objects were, not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[Here he was interrupted by the Court.]

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch—you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Here he was interrupted.]

What, my Lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life—am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it!

[Here the Judge interfered.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could engage in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, or humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign invader, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence, to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent and repel it? No; God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life—O! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient; I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is, the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and *other men* can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth—*then*, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.—*I have done.*

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